

THE AMERICAN  
**LEGION**

MAGAZINE

JULY 1952







*"... I told him about the kid's first tooth.  
He really seemed glad to hear the news ...  
Then he showed me a snap of his youngster ...  
Before we knew it, it was time to catch the train."*

Yes, that's a fragment of folks' lives that goes on every day across two glasses of Schlitz, the friendly liaison, the happy meeting ground.

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like beer...you'll love Schlitz



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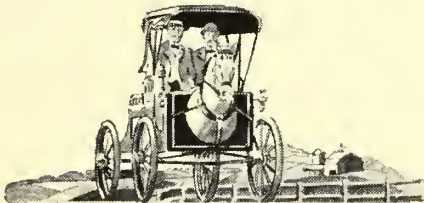


1908 FORD was the first of fifteen million Model T's that were manufactured. It was also the first Ford to have left-hand drive. Color was optional—"as long as it was black."

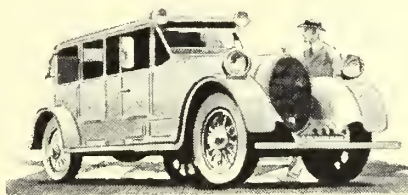
*TODAY AS YESTERDAY,*

## *CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE*

1900 HORSEY CARRIAGE had a wooden horse on the dash. The designer figured this would keep "Old Dobbin" from bolting, as he often did when he saw an early motor car.



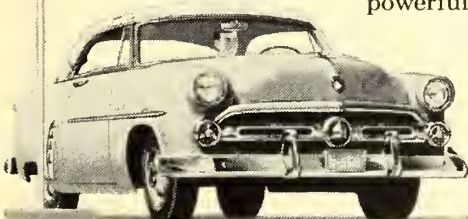
1924 HEINE-VELOX SPECIAL was more a road locomotive than an automobile. It had a 12-cylinder engine, 148-inch wheelbase and was one of the first cars with hydraulic brakes.



1939 MERCURY was hailed as the latest addition to the Ford line of fine cars. This medium-priced, high-performance automobile caught on quickly with the motoring public.



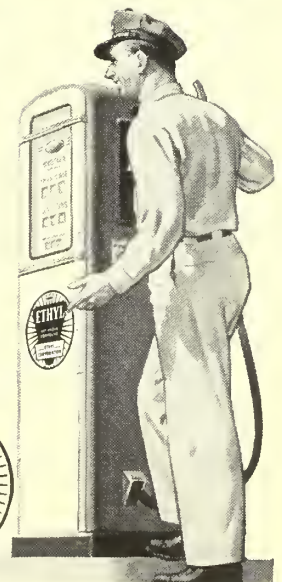
1952 FORD offers many new features including a choice of two high-performing, high compression engines—a 101-horsepower six or a 110-horsepower V-8.



From the day the first car chugged wearily down the road, motorists have wanted more power. More power to climb hills . . . to get away at traffic lights . . . to pull them out of tight places. Today's modern high compression engines plus "Ethyl" gasoline give power, economy and all-round performance that was only a dream a few years back.

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VOL. 53 No. 1



A lot of July Fourth paraders will make TV debuts this year. Do you have a make-up expert in your Post?

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# LEGION MAGAZINE

THE AMERICAN

MAGAZINE

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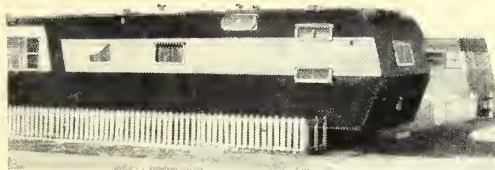
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# MOBILE HOMES keep families together at Randolph Field



The United States Air Force's largest combat crew training center is at Randolph Air Force Base near San Antonio, Texas. It is headquarters for aircrew training activity and the 3510th Combat Crew Training Wing. Famous in recent years as the training center of thousands of air heroes, the Randolph base now assembles specialized B-29 aircrewmembers into combat-ready teams.

There are now forty trailer spaces at the base, and plans are under way for another park to provide sixty more. Trailerists on base are near work, medical service, commissary, PX, laundry, movies and service clubs. The rent is only nine dollars per month.



"OUR MOBILE HOME'S FACILITIES and equipment are better and more complete than those we found in other available housing. Housekeeping is much lighter, too", says Mrs. Lackey. Lt. Lackey adds, "Trailer coach maintenance is very low compared to the upkeep of a house".



"THREE BEDROOMS WITH PRIVACY!" says Mrs. Lackey proudly. "The children sleep in the back bedroom. The living room sofa converts to our bed, and the dinette becomes the third bedroom. Our tiled bathroom has all new fixtures—including shower". This is the Lackeys' second TCMA coach. They agree, "We've been far better off in mobile homes".

"WE'RE HAPPIER IN OUR TRAILER COACH," say Lt. and Mrs. Winfred W. Lackey, "than we ever were in other housing. We like having our own home and furnishings wherever we go. Moving is easy. We've pulled our mobile home 3,000 miles around the country. It has kept us comfortable in all climates, including 25° below in Wyoming".

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# Sound Off!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

## PRO-BAGPIPES

Sir: In reply to Tobias J. Fitzpatrick's letter in the May issue may I say that Mr. Fitzpatrick's musical education has apparently been neglected. From his name he is apparently of the Sassenach\* which may explain it. Furthermore, his ignorance is truly appalling as evidenced by his adding an "s" to the word kilt which is spelled the same in the plural. Finally, may I say that I can play the pipes in pants, kilt or ran.

R. F. McQuay  
Artesia, N. M.

\*Meaning Saxon, Englishman or Scottish Lowlander.

Sir: Och, aye there's a Scot ie the hoose. Auld Tobias dinna ken the Scots at Breadalbane, Culloden Moor, Bloemfontein and recently at Dieppe. There as at many other places over the world Scots troops fought with great valour and always led by a Piper. 'Tis grand soul stirring music but I guess one must hae the blood of the Gael to appreciate it. But I canna oonderstond a mon by the name of Fitzpatrick complainin' about the pipes. Does he know the Irish play 'em too?

Thomas M. Fleming, Jr.  
Roscoe, N. Y.

Sir: Fitzpatrick made me boil. Maybe bagpipes are ignored by musicians unions. Who cares? They are to be played on long marches to give people courage. They are not despised by everyone who can't play them as every true Scot will tell you.

A Scot  
Los Angeles



## INSISTS KOSCIUSZKO WAS POLISH

Sir: A Mr. Stanaitis of Mt. Vernon in a letter in the May issue said that Ted Kosciuszko was a Lith. Let me tell you that I'll send him all the facts and information he wants to show him that Kosciuszko was Polish. We had trouble about this subject in the hard coal regions of Pennsylvania some time ago. But at that time they claimed Pulaski as a Lithuanian and admitted Kosciuszko was a Pole. The Poles brought out evidence from all kinds of books, etc., and proved that these two brave men were Poles. Never has there been a doubt of any kind. The Liths have

been claiming patriots ever since I can remember. They tried to claim Chopin, Paderewski and many others. I have no grudge against Liths. They have an idol in Jack Sharkey and us Poles have Stanley Ketchel, Tony Zale, Bob Pastor, Stan Musial, Marty Marion, Al Simmons, Teddy Jarasz. Listen, we've got millions of them.

Edward J. Augustiewicz  
Washington, D. C.



## WHO'S TO BLAME?

Sir: It seems to be that most of your contributors are belaboring the wrong people. They pick on you, which you may sometimes need, and on various members or branches of our government, which may also be correct sometimes. But they overlook the real culprit in most cases. Some oldtimer, away back, said that "In general we get the kind of government that we deserve and ask for."

Ted Browne  
Port Angeles, Wash.

## INTEGRITY

Sir: Let's quit quarreling about political party labels. They mean nothing but Integrity does. Let's chase the crooked politicians and the despicable commies and commie-lovers to the Point of No Return. Let's select for office only Americans of unquestioned integrity, patriotism, Americanism, courage.

Phil Edwards  
DeLand, Fla.

## REPUBLICANS AND DIXIECRATS

Sir: In reading your editorials I have gotten the impression that the Legion is printed only for Republicans and Dixiecrats and that anyone who doesn't believe every word those — — liars Pegler and McCarthy say must therefore be a communist.

J. C. McLachlan  
Danbury, Conn.

## COMMUNIST MOVIE AND MOVIE-GOERS

Sir: The film "New China" being shown at the Stanley Theater, New York City is sheer pro-communist propaganda and a



tissue of falsification. The picture is a run-of-the-mill travelogue on China, but the talk in suave American accent grotesquely distorts the facts. The most soul-searing aspect of the whole affair is the applause that greets Mao Tze-tung when he appears on the screen, applause from every section of the audience. I have just come from California where we see the wounded veterans and the coffins coming from Korea, the casualties of Mao Tze-tung's armed thugs. When this murderer of the masses is applauded in an American movie house it is very hard to take.

Marguerite Atterbury  
New York City

▼ This outrageous motion picture is being booked into other cities. *Editors*

### SEARS SORE

Sir: Please publish this jingle as a reply to one by Berton Braley in *Parting Shots* for May:

I now know an ape named Braley,  
Who thought his jingles rhymed gayly.  
He wrote about Sears  
And bored him to tears,  
Now I pray for Braley daily.

Frank Sears  
Camp Hill, Pa.

### ILL AT EASE

Sir: We cannot make much progress against crime and moral delinquency until we remove the Not Welcome signs from our churches. All people should feel as free to attend a church as they do going to the corner grocery store. But such is not the case. A stranger never feels at ease in a church. This is a question to be answered and something done about it.

William R. Sullivan  
Los Angeles

### SUGGESTS AN AAFIV

Sir: Our country's economy is being ruined by selfish groups and a combination of natural elements. There's the steel strike and the communications strike and we've just had disastrous floods. Millions of aged and handicapped Americans are submerged in the ever engulfing quagmire and sinking ever deeper. I think there are two economic groups today, the "get more" groups and the "get less" groups. When one gets more the other gets less. I suggest an Association for the Advancement of Fixed Income Victims.

H. A. Hanson  
Minneapolis

### NOTHING NEW

Sir: In your Products Parade for May you describe as new a tea infuser. Correction: There is nothing new about this infuser. I have one that belonged to an aunt that I know is at least 50 years old. I believe it came from England as this supposedly new one comes.

Chester M. Rood  
Oakham, Mass.

### WHAT ABOUT A LOAN?

Sir: In a recent issue of the Magazine you had a piece about all the GI loans granted

for homes. What do the GI's do in a community where the banks refuse to make the loans because of 4% interest and yet their district is not included in direct GI loans?

Norbert M. Kowalkowski  
St. Cloud, Minn.

▼ If a vet cannot obtain a 4% loan from private lenders, and his area is not designated for direct GI loans from VA, he's just out of luck. Tough, but that's the way it is.

*Editors*



### THOSE FORTUNES BY PHONE

Sir: This is a great country. Disabled vets can't get a lousy 10 percent raise in compensation, but a man can pick up a telephone and make \$50,000 on a surplus property deal. That same man probably had a safe berth during the war. There's something wrong somewhere. During the next war I'm going to deal in surplus property.

Wade L. Steed  
Coulee Dam, Wash.

### ORDERING HUBBY OUT OF LEGION

Sir: I had always considered your magazine to be very fine, but I am going to tell you right now my husband is not joining the American Legion another year if you keep up this rim-racking the Administration.

Mrs. R. E. G.  
Coloma, Wisc.

### WANTS TO GO BACK

Sir: I imagine there are many fellows who felt the way I did about seven years ago when we were homeward bound from the ETO. We had our fill of the mud and cold of France and Germany. We were anxious to get back to our families. But I think a lot of us would like to go back there for a visit, and take our wives, and maybe our sons. We could pay our respects to those who didn't come back with us. Perhaps we could carry a message to those people over there, who might have gotten the wrong impression about us. I'd like to go back. I'll bet there are others who feel the same way I do.

Russell L. Dorn  
Fergus Falls, Minn.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO IMMIGRANTS?

Sir: Was it not argued when the Quota Immigration Act was amended to admit displaced persons that most for whom the bars were let down were to be farmhands? Of "Families Assured" 39,848 are credited to New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. Three western states have, in contrast, 130. This is approximately 303 to 1. Above is from the report of Displaced Commissioners Carusi, O'Connor and Rosenfield to the President and the Congress.

Edwin Grant  
San Francisco

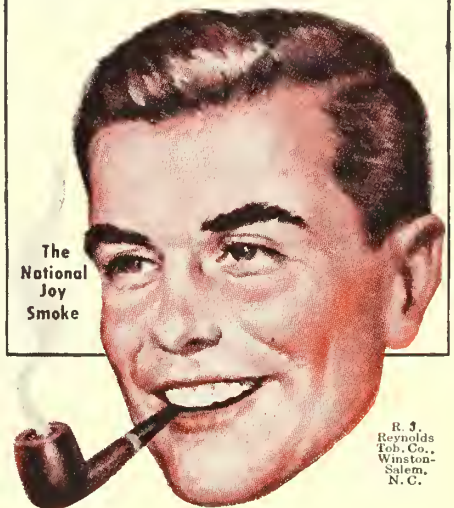
# A bit about "Bite"



WITH FISHERMEN,  
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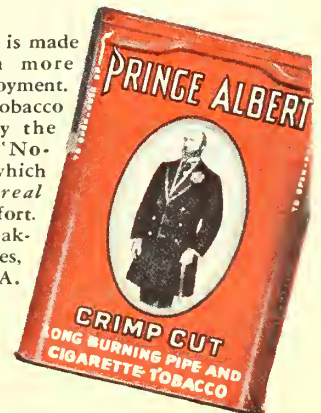


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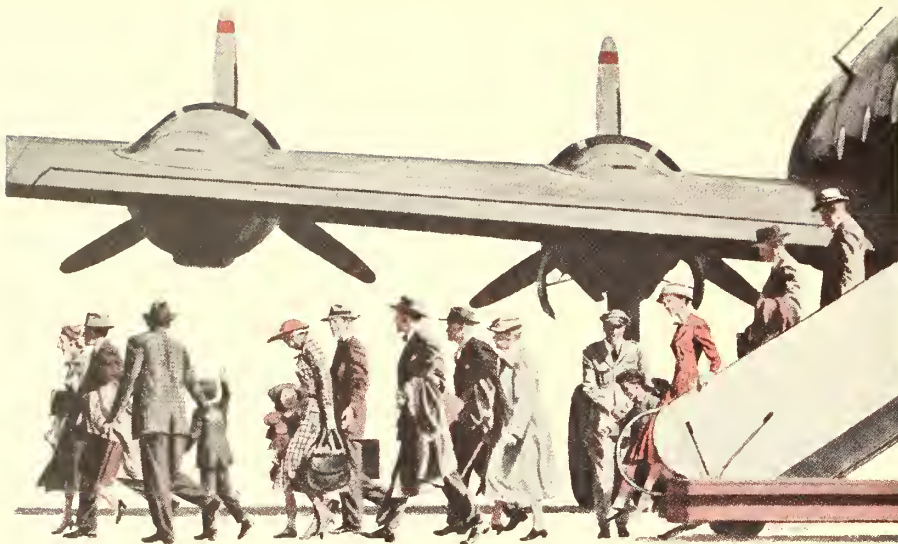
\*Process patented  
July 30, 1907



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## THE Editor's Corner

### LEARNING THE HARD WAY

Ted R. Carmack, who wrote *Last Trip from Kunming* on page 11, got the background information for his short story the hard way. He was flying the India-China Hump in November 1943 when a Jap Zero shot down the transport he was piloting and made infantrymen of him and his crew members. The four ex-flyers traveled on foot for 35 days, across a rugged 17,000-foot range of Himalayan mountains.

### HOW MUCH IS A BILLION?

We recently received a letter for Sound Off! which said it was unfortunate that more Americans didn't know simple arithmetic. If we did, the letter pointed out, we'd probably pay more attention to the way the folks in Washington toss billions around like confetti. Do you know how much a billion dollars is? How much a billion dollars spent by the government cost you?

Since you are one of 150,000,000 Americans who have to pick up the tab, a little long division shows that *you have to dig down and come up with a little more than six dollars for every billion spent*. And not just you. Every single member of your family is taxed six-bucks-plus when the government gets rid of another billion.

So, when the administration calls for \$8,000,000,000 for foreign aid, figure on forking over \$48 for yourself and each member of your family as your share of that little item. The President's latest budget amounts to \$85,000,000,000. That's better than \$500 apiece for every man, woman and child. Our national debt is about \$260,000,000,000. That means you owe more than \$1500 apiece to the government. You and everyone else. And don't kid yourself—you owe it and you'll pay it. Printing presses can't grind out currency to pay such debts. Corporations or rich people aren't shouldering your load. You pay it, day after day, in more ways than you realize.

### WE THANK MR. GAFFNEY

You may recall the cover of our March issue which showed some GI's boarding a troopship. You may have read, too, the brief editorial reference to it, pointing out that veterans had "learned the wisdom of looking for other qualities in a man than the color of his skin, the creed he professes or the name he bears."

A few days ago we received a letter concerning this piece, from J. F. Gaffney, Jr., General Passenger Agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, at Nashville. Said Mr. Gaffney:

"Referring to your *Take Another Look* in the March issue. This has been on my mind ever since I read it, and yesterday



morning was discussing with our Depot Ticket Agent this very phase of the present conflict . . . and ten minutes later he called me to come and see these four fine boys standing at his ticket window. I immediately after seeing them called the Editor-in-Chief of this paper, requesting that he immediately send a reporter and photographer to get a real story, and the enclosed is it. Wish it were possible for every newspaper in the country to have had this. The devotion of these four to each other was outstanding, and this little Corporal, who claims to be 19, but who I am confident is not a day over 16, was really an inspiration to every one around this busy Union Station. No race discrimination here."

The clipping sent with the letter was a feature story on page one of the *Nashville Banner*, May 9th. The illustration showed four leg amputees, two Negroes and two whites. The excellent story, telling how they had been injured in Korea, made an eloquent plea for blood for the Red Cross.

We hope the people of Nashville responded, and we thank J. F. Gaffney, Eddie Jones, who wrote the story, and the *Nashville Banner*.

#### FOREIGN POLICY

According to an Associated Press dispatch from Teheran, Iran, May 21st, "a floppy eared, bug-eyed jackass is fast supplanting the familiar figure of Uncle Sam as the symbol of the United States." Cartoonists have been using the new symbol. "Usually," the report said, "the old figure of Uncle Sam is somewhere in the cartoon. But readers now know without being told that the jackass means the United States."

#### NEW BOOKS

Contributors to this magazine are represented among authors of highly significant recent books. Irene Corbally Kuhn, whose *He Lobbies Against Communists* appears on page 14, has written with Fr. Raymond J. deJaegher a book that's a must for every alert American. Entitled *The Enemy Within*, the book tells how the reds took over China. The methods, as described, sound terrifyingly similar to those being employed by the commies here, notably in the infiltration of schools and colleges.

Louis F. Budenz, whose article on the reds' phony peace crusade appeared in our May issue, has written a block-buster in his *The Cry is Peace*. The great merit of this book is that it portrays so clearly the work of a communistic element in our government, in education, in publishing, etc. A reading of this volume will show you why the reds have been attacking Budenz lately with renewed frenzy, pulling out all the stops in another of their vile smear campaigns.

And don't forget the Whittaker Chambers book *Witness*. This is a more complete account than appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and should be read by everyone interested in the menace of communism.

By the way, does your Legion Post buy books such as the foregoing for presentation to schools and libraries? Many Posts make such action an important part of their Americanism activities. J. C. K.



Otto Graham, star quarterback of the Cleveland Browns and one of the outstanding passers of all time, says, "Buy the Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery that needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use . . . it lasts longer, too!"

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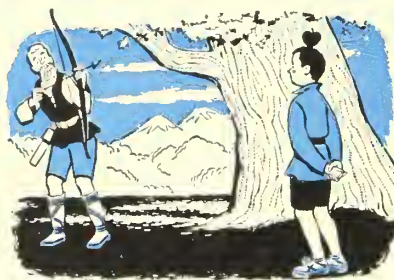


# PRODUCTS PARADE

*A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.*

### FOR EASIER DISHWASHING

A combination brush and soap-saving dispenser called the Squeeze-n-Wash promises an easier time for the dishwasher of the family. According to the manufacturer, Anro Products Co., 4612 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, it "completely eliminates the use of dishpan and the soaking of hands while washing dishes." It consists of a stiff nylon brush attached to an unbreakable plastic holder which doubles as a soap dispenser. When you need suds you squeeze and a fresh and measured amount flows onto the dish or utensil being washed. The retail price is \$1.95.



### GLASS BOW MAKES BOW

Now that all-glass fishing rods have proved their value, Paul Bunyan Glass Products, 1307 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis 5, has utilized glass to make a novel bow that is virtually unbreakable. The Paul Bunyan Reflex Bow, selling for \$29.50, is bonded from 2,500,000 tough fiber-glass strands. It can be released arrow-free, shot in extreme cold weather, or physically overdrawn without danger of breakage. In tests it shows extraordinary durability, accuracy and arrow-thrust.

### PIPE CONNECTOR

A simple way of sealing leaks in a pipe or joining units of piping is offered by the Holoal Manufacturing Corp., P.O. Box 95, Bellerose 26, N. Y. This concern has developed a Bel Connector, a special kind of clamp which creates a cavity around a leak. Fluid coming from the leak fills the new chamber to the same pressure existing in the pipe line. The equalization of pressure prevents extension of the leak. The Bel Connector can be used on hot or cold water pipes, steam, fuel oil, gasoline, etc., on pres-

sures up to 60 pounds or more per square inch. Prices of the connectors range from \$1.89 to \$4.00 depending on pipe diameter.

### POCKET LINER

If you've ever had a leaky fountain pen ruin a suit you'll appreciate an ingenious gimmick made by Angler's Products Co., 45-22 162nd St., Flushing 58, N. Y. This is a new type liner made of Vinylite sheeting which slips into a suit or shirt pocket. An overhanging flap keeps pen and pencil clips from causing damage and the liner itself keeps clothing free from ink stains and pencil marks. The liner will be available at stationery and department stores for a quarter.

### FOR SPAGHETTI-LOVERS

Science has at last tackled the spaghetti-moving problem and its answer is an ingenious stainless steel spaghetti fork called the Multi-Tong, which, to quote the manufacturer, "attacks spaghetti with the tenacity of a bear trap . . . lifts it right from pot to plate with no mishaps." This ingenious fork which can be used for many hot, slippery or hard-to-handle foods sells for a dollar at Bodine's, 444 E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12.



### PORTABLE PLAY PEN

Now it's a simple matter to carry with you the means of keeping a child within safe bounds. Walter Drake, Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo., is offering a portable play pen which can be folded like an accordion and carried under one arm or transported in a corner of the car. Ruggedly built of hardwood with metal rivets and corner joints, the 6½-pound pen sells for \$7.95 postpaid.

*When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine*



# Superposed Trap Guns

by

## BROWNING



**RUGGED**  
as the Rockies... *Smooth*  
as silk

The Superposed by Browning is made for you who take pride in both skillful shooting and in the personal possession of a gun of distinctive character.

### BROWNING SUPERPOSED 12 GAUGE TRAP GUN SPECIFICATIONS

**SINGLE SELECTIVE TRIGGER** Either the Over or Under barrel may be selected for first shot. Automatic trigger readies second barrel for firing.

**AUTOMATIC EJECTORS** Fired shells completely ejected. *Unfired* shells elevated for easy removal by hand.

**SAFETY** Manual (non-automatic). Placed "On Safe" *only when you wish*.

**STOCK** Selected French Walnut with quality appropriate to each grade, finished to high luster by hand rubbing. 26 line hand-checkering on pistol grip. Dimensions: Drop at comb, 1½"; drop at heel, 1⅞"; length of pull, 14⅜".

**FOREARM** Hand filling grip, with complete protection against barrel heat, yet

with graceful lines. 26 line hand-checkering.

**BARREL** Special steel. 30 inch.

**RIB** Ventilated rib, with non-glare checkered surface. Scientifically designed for *straight*, single sighting plane.

**SIGHT** Bead raised by *short* neck for sharp orientation.

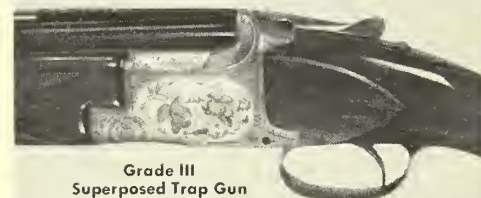
**CHOKES** Full (Others available at no charge.)

**WEIGHT** 7¾ lbs. and over, depending on density of wood.

**ENGRAVING** Receiver richly hand-engraved in manner appropriate to each grade, including scrolls, pigeons, fighting cocks, pheasants, ducks, dogs, foxes — all showing remarkable animation.

Grade II  
Superposed Trap Gun

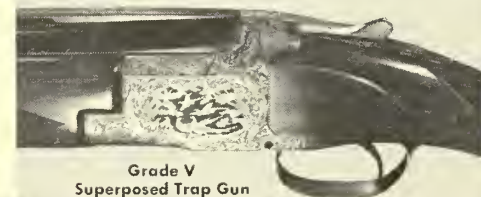
Five Grades in  
\$200, \$300, \$400, \$500, \$600 Classes



Grade III  
Superposed Trap Gun



Grade IV  
Superposed Trap Gun



Grade V  
Superposed Trap Gun



Grade I  
Superposed Trap Gun

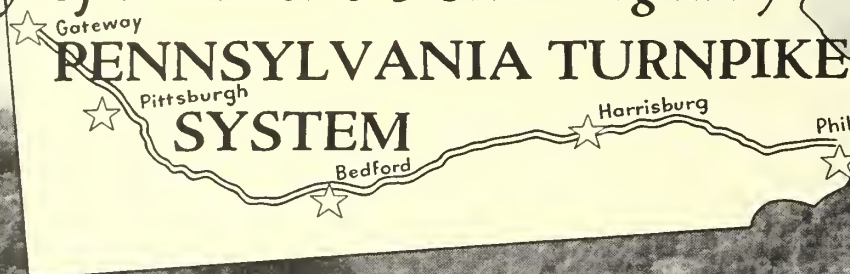
MADE IN BELGIUM  
**BROWNING** *Finest in Firearms*

St. Louis 3, Missouri, U. S. A.

Available upon request. Illustrated booklet: "History of Browning Guns Since 1831."



It's good generalship  
to plan your "drive" on New York  
by way of America's 5-Star Highway



- ★ 327 miles of unimpeded, pleasant travel . . . from the Ohio state line to the outskirts of Philadelphia.
- ★ Four lanes of divided highway . . . Maximum safety, comfort and speed—in all kinds of weather.
- ★ No stop lights, cross traffic, sharp curves or steep grades.
- ★ 24 traffic interchanges connecting with all important national and state highways . . . 21 ultra-modern service stations and restaurants.
- ★ The first completed link in the national network of super-highways.

**SAVE 5 HOURS**  
of Driving Time!

Jack Dodson, Pennsylvania Department Commander, says:

*"Take advantage of the great Pennsylvania Turnpike System. Make good time. Have a good time at the American Legion Convention."*

**SAVE**  
on Gas, Oil, Tires!

## PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE COMMISSION

Operators of the Pennsylvania Turnpike System ★ 11 North Fourth Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

*Write for free descriptive booklet*





A Chinese officer marched up to Captain Kane, came to attention and saluted.

# LAST TRIP *from Kunming*

Captain Kane was due to board a Statesbound plane next day.  
Then the red light on the panel blinked a fearsome warning.

By **TED CARMACK**

**T**HE FLIGHT CREW Snack Shack was filled to overflowing. Here in Kunming—the main eastern terminus of the India-China “Hump” route—the crews dawdled over coffee and midnight platters of scrambled eggs, waiting for their planes to be unloaded. The return trip over the high range of Himalayas would be easier. There was normally no load. Or, if there was, the

cargo was usually light: a couple of dozen bars of tungsten, or a few sacks of pig bristles.

But, tonight, there were rumors.

Captain Robert Kane and his co-pilot, Lieutenant Sid Lester, sat at a corner table.

“Here comes Sarge now,” Kane said, nodding toward the entrance where he saw his radio operator pushing past the

cafeteria line. Sergeant Tony Maltari came up to the table and stood looking blankly at the captain.

“Well,” Kane said, “Have we got a load?”

The Sergeant’s dark eyes bulged out animatedly.

“Have we a *load*? Look at this!” He handed Kane a passenger manifest, then slid along the wooden bench beside the co-pilot.

Kane glanced at the manifest over the rim of his coffee cup. It read: “Lieuten-





Kane held the descending plane to the center of the gorge. Wind slamming off the mountains made it shudder and rock.

(continued) **LAST TRIP** *from Kunming*

ant Ching Wei and sixty-two enlisted men (Chinese)."

The sergeant watched the captain's face, then shook his head in disconsolate agreement. "Sixty-three Chinamen and not one parachute!"

Kane let the manifest slip from his fingers. "Who gave you this?"

"Captain Brularsen, sir."

Kane choked on a swallow of coffee.

"He said he thought you'd be pleased, knowing your love for the Chinks."

Kane got up and began shuffling into a heavy flight jacket. His large frame revealed the inroads of frequent bouts with dysentery and malaria. But most of his grief, he claimed, was because of the Chinese.

"My love for Brularsen is on the same level," he told the Sergeant. "Brularsen can send those Chinese right back to the rice paddies they came from. I'm not taking *that* kind of cargo *this* late in the game." He dropped back to

the bench, tugged on a pair of fleeced-lined boots, and glanced up again. "Where is that scar-headed Swede?"

"In Operations, Cap."

Lester, who had picked up the manifest, was carefully studying it. He said, "Say, Bob, this *is* tricky cargo. And you due for a milk run."

"I'm not due for a rooking like this,"

Kane said. "Not on my final trip!" He stood up again and zippered the jacket. "Meet me at the plane when you finish chow. I'm going over to see Brularsen."

Outside, a cold wind was blowing in from the east. The great whalesized transports were lined up on the ramp, wingtip to wingtip. Mechanics in greasy coveralls worked on high steel platforms, inspecting engines under the bare electric bulbs, while groups of coolies, shivering in their burlap rags, disgorged truckloads of ammunition, plane parts and high-octane gasoline from the big-bellied Commandos.

Across the runway stood the fighter engineering tents. Their illuminated tarpaulins resembled a miniature circus flung down upon the earth. A burring noise of engines issued into the night. They were the sharknosed P-38's and P-40's being readied for a morning sweep over French Indo-China, Hainan Island, or the south China coast.

Kane had just dropped his final load of cargo for those fighters. In three hours he would be back at his India base; going-home orders were on Major Hammon's desk. Tomorrow morning he would board a Statesbound plane. He would be through, done, finished. He would have under his belt what few other men had: one hundred round trips over the highest, most rugged, most beautiful man-killing air route ever.

It was a pretty thought — to have behind you. But now Brularsen wanted to load him down with Chinese—all without parachutes.





You're a *pilot*." He turned and tapped a file of mimeographed sheets hanging on the wall. "Orders. They're going to ship the seamen to India, train 'em, then throw 'em at the Nips in Burma."

"Let the Nips get them here. I hate 'em."

"You don't have to love 'em. Just fly 'em to India."

Kane picked up the manifest. "Is that an order?"

"Right, boy. Orders from headquarters."

Kane stepped back. "I'll go see the colonel," he said. He started for an inner office.

Brularsen flattened his hands on the counter. The smile was gone. He said bluntly. "You're next on the list, Shug."

Kane stopped, feeling his anger turn to resignation. "The list" was the flight schedule showing outgoing crews in the order in which they had landed. Similarly, outgoing cargo (tricky, or otherwise) was scheduled in the traditional manner. It was organizational glue—of, by and for the pilots. It pro-rated risk, dealt the cards impersonally, excluded politics and prejudice. Kane knew as well as Brularsen that there was no appeal from "the list."

Brularsen lit the cigar and grinned. "And there *ain't* no parachutes for those soldiers."

"Well, what the hell—" Kane stopped.

the plane when he hopped off the ramp jeep. "We're stuck with them," Kane said, "let's go!"

In the moonlight he could see the dark figures huddled together on the ground, sprawled over baggage, blankets and rifles. He blinked a flashlight. "Who's in charge here?"

One of the soldiers arose, marched up to him, came to attention, and saluted. It was a Chinese officer.

"What's eating you?" Kane said.

The officer kept the rigid posture and remained silent.

Lester shrugged. "I guess he's got respect for brass."

"Respect for guts is what he needs," Kane said. To the officer he said, "Relax!"

The officer didn't move.

Kane inspected him with the flashlight. He was barely five feet tall. About twenty-eight (They were a lot older than they looked). The worn cotton uniform, the flattop cap, the thin wrap-around leggings only added to his low opinion of Chinese soldiers. He drew the manifest under the flashlight. "Lieutenant Ching Wei?"

The Chinese officer dropped the salute. "Yes, Captain, sir. We much want to express our gratitude for you brave Americans who fly for our country." His voice had a precise, learned, lecture quality. Probably a memorized sentence

Over the Hump—that was asking for it.

Brularsen was signing a flight clearance when Kane walked into Operations.

"Well, if it isn't Sugar, himself!" Brularsen said. He flexed a walrus mustache. "Old 'Record-Breaker Kane'. How many Hump trips you chalked up?"

"Ninety-nine and a half," Kane said, tossing the manifest across the counter. "And you want to snafu the fraction?"

"Aw, I wouldn't say that, boy."

"I *am* saying it," Kane said. "Who cooked up this idea?"

"Well, don't look at me, boy. I just work here."

"I'm not taking Chinamen on my final trip."

"Now, Shug, don't be like that."

"I'm not taking them," Kane repeated.

Brularsen casually cleared off some papers and leaned across the counter, smiling. "What's a matter, Shug? Scared to die? You know what they say: dying is just the opposite of living."

"I know what *they* say. *They* say this trip is my swan song."

Brularsen stuck a cigar in his mouth and chuckled. "You're no swan, boy."



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

But Brularsen had already caught the cue. He screwed up the mustache in his giant Swede face and leaned over the counter. His crew haircut under the metal-shaded light revealed a sprinkling of scalp scars. "Well, I'll tell you what you do, Shug," he drawled. "You set the trim tabs, then you and the crew hitch up your parachutes, walk back to the rear door, turn to the passengers and say: 'Oh, 'Scuse us; we have to step out for a few minutes.'"

"It makes a good joke—if you're sitting behind a desk!" He looked around. "Where are our 'allies'?"

"Allies!" Brularsen guffawed. "Out by your plane, boy." He chomped down on the cigar. "Now look, Shug, don't go away mad." He walked around the counter and clapped Kane on the back. "Will you do something for me? Give my regards to all the Stateside women."

He was still laughing as Sugar Kane went out.

Lester and Maltari were waiting by

he used every day.

"Okay," Kane said. "Express it."

Maltari stared in disbelief. "Say, this guy speaks English."

Lester moved in and observed him more closely. "Some of their officers *are* college men," he said. "But in China scholars are usually considered too important to be risked in combat."

"But Americans *aren't*, I suppose," Kane said.

"It's a difference in cultures," Lester pointed out.

Kane started for the plane. "Well, let's see how cultured his is at eighteen thousand—without oxygen! . . . C'mon!"

Lieutenant Ching stepped in front of him. His face was twisted with anxiety. "Our country is peace loving, Captain, but the invading devils attempt to occupy it. With the assistance of our heroic American friends we shall conquer the aggressive enemy and expect final victory."

Maltari shook his head, and declared, (Continued on page 42)



# HE LOBBIES AGAINST

The propagandists of the left have been talking a lot about a so-called China Lobby. This is the story of Alfred Kohlberg who has incurred their hatred because he puts American interests first. **By IRENE CORBALLY KUHN**

IN THE late spring of 1951, after General MacArthur's summary dismissal and recall, a high ranking United States official invited Dr. T. F. Tsiang to lunch. This was just about the time the American people were beginning to realize that our State Department's pink policies had wiped out all the hard-won victories over Japan in the four years' war in the Pacific, made a mockery of the sacrifice of thousands of young men's lives, and got us into the disastrous Korean adventure.

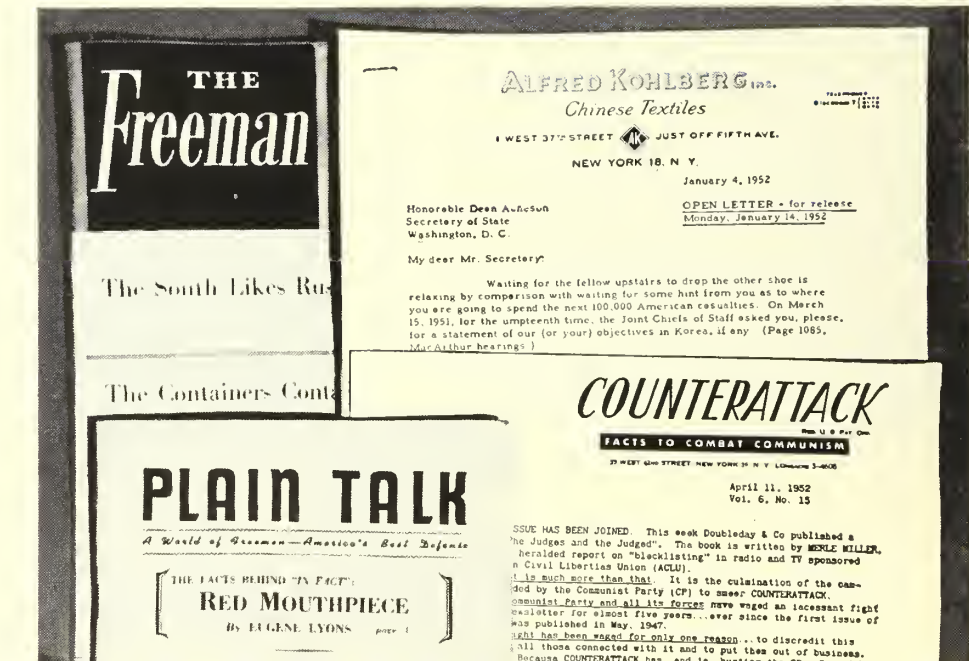
Dr. Tsiang was then, as he is now, the chief of the Nationalist Chinese delegation to the United Nations. He was in the habit of lunching and dining with American diplomats and he attached no special importance to this invitation, which he accepted.

When the meal was over, the Chinese diplomat retired with his host to the library. There, without further ado, the official assured Dr. Tsiang that past mistakes in America's Far Eastern policy would soon be corrected; the line was even then being altered to be more favorable to China.

Dr. Tsiang, naturally, was agreeably surprised. He murmured a non-committal courteous phrase and, being a smart diplomat, waited for the gimmick. He didn't have to wait long.

"There's just one little problem," the American said, with elaborate casualness. "There's a fellow named Alfred Kohlberg. He's a stumbling block to the department's efforts to get on the track. Kohlberg's a nuisance, I don't mind telling you. He gets in everybody's hair at State. Can't you choke him off?"

"The fellow named Kohlberg" and Dr. Tsiang had been friends for eight years. The reason for the invitation to luncheon was now all too apparent. Dr. Tsiang, an experienced and able man of distinguished attainments, a direct, forthright, hardhitting fighter, told his host politely but in the clearest kind of language, that there was no connection



Through these publications Kohlberg has brought facts about subversion to many Americans. He contributed to the founding of Counterattack, and was the publisher of Plain Talk which has been succeeded by The Freeman. In addition his letters are famous.

whatsoever between Alfred Kohlberg and the Chinese government.

"We have no control over Mr. Kohlberg," he said. "Besides," he added, "I wouldn't dream of suggesting to him what he ought or ought not to do. He'd tell me quite plainly to go to hell," Dr. Tsiang said succinctly.

It is doubtful if the deceptively mild-mannered, quiet-spoken Alfred Kohlberg who is always courteous, even when he's taking the hide off someone, would have said anything at all if Dr. Tsiang had consented to be the American official's complaint-carrying messenger boy. What is certain, however, is that Kohlberg would have redoubled his efforts to expose the persons and policies he believes responsible for communist success in the Far East at America's expense.

When the naive American diplomat

complained that Alfred Kohlberg was a nuisance to the State Department, he was vastly understating. For six years now, this stubborn little patriot, a self-educated authority on communism and Far Eastern affairs, has been the number one headache of the comrades and their sympathizers, wherever they may be, particularly those who have fouled up our China policy. And the State Department and its Far East policy have been the chief objects of his bulldog attentions ever since his painstaking studies and investigations convinced him that this vital department of American government harbored a lot of strange folk doing stranger things.

He began quietly enough, in January 1946, to write letters of inquiry and criticism to government officials and others who were called "experts" in Far Eastern affairs. In four years those early



# COMMUNISM



Since 1944 Alfred Kohlberg has cried out against the disastrous diplomacy that has now erupted into war.

epistolary showers became a cloudburst inundating the Tydings Committee hearings that grew out of Senator Joe McCarthy's charges of Reds in the State Department. And Kohlberg became a force to be reckoned with.

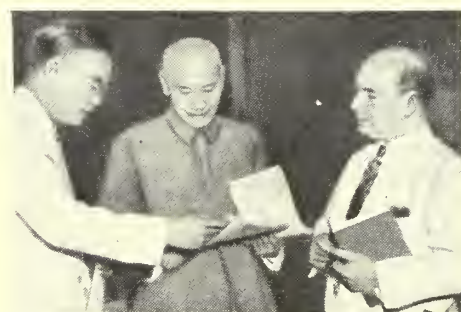
Hostile commentators and columnists, quite erroneously, charged that he was the man behind the Wisconsin senator. When one columnist wrote that Kohlberg was financing Joe McCarthy he replied with a letter saying he had not given the Senator a cent.

"Now, however, I will," he added, and forthwith sent McCarthy a check for \$500. "He sent it back," Kohlberg said, "and since then I've not offered him any financial support nor has he suggested that he wants any from me. I've recently distributed 2,000 copies of the Senator's book 'America's Retreat from Victory.' That's the extent of my financial support of McCarthy.

"I hadn't even met the Senator when I was supposed to be his mainspring and his bankroller," Mr. Kohlberg said laughing. "At the time he was preparing his Wheeling talk—that one about

commies in the State Department that started all the ruckus—some friends told his investigators about the material I had in my files. I made it available to him. But it wasn't until nearly two months later, in March 1950, that we met. I'm 100 per cent for him. It's my considered judgment," he went on, "that every charge made by the Senator is factually correct and fully justified. His critics are always complaining that he only makes charges on the Senate floor under the cloak of immunity. The fact is he's repeated all over the United States all the charges he's ever made and no one has ever brought suit against him. No one, that is, except Drew Pearson—and he sues everybody at the drop of a hat."

Kohlberg is no stranger himself, now, to personal abuse. When the hostile pack started after McCarthy they took after Kohlberg, too, because McCarthy's targets were also his—Dean Acheson, the State Department, et al. He was accused of being the head of a "China Lobby" and, to this day, he is industriously trying to get himself investi-



At this 1949 meeting with Chiang Kai-shek, center, Kohlberg gave the Generalissimo a copy of the official communist document "Theses on the Revolutionary Movement in the Colonies and Semi-Colonies." Chiang knew of this publication, in which the reds in 1928 told how they planned to seize China, and he had publicly referred to it. However, he had never seen the document.

gated so that he can blow these charges out of the water and, with them, the sinister forces that have supported a real China lobby, a communist China lobby.

When he began his one-man crusade he was just an average, successful, mid-

(Continued on page 58)



# STRETCHING YOUR VACATION DOLLAR

Here's how you can have a lot of fun at little cost



This picnic party is enjoying the beauties of Clear Lake Forest, Camp Willamette, in the National Forest, Oregon.

By **ARTHUR H. CARHART**



Tent campers at Nantahala National Forest, N. C. A nearby lake offers swimming.

**T**HE BLAIRS, Alice and Francis and their five children, ages  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 15, spent their two weeks vacationing in Colorado's Rockies last season. They visited historic mining camps, the Black Canyon and Singing Sands National Monuments and Mesa Verde National Park. They fished for trout in clear mountain streams, hiked along woodsy trails, reveled in massive scenic splendor of the big hills.

They did this on a budget of less than \$100. That is an average of about \$7 per day inclusive cost for the whole family of seven.

If you have looked longingly at travel folders, added up the cost of a vacation trip you wish you might take, sighed as you decided family finances wouldn't stand the impact of seeing those places you would like to visit, the trip the

Blairs took, how they managed it on so low an outlay, how many others have discovered this way of vacationing, may mean you can take that jaunt this year instead of staying home.

The Blairs do live within sight of the Rockies; a short drive takes them into the mountains. But that factor was not the key to the low-cost, pleasure-packed vacation they enjoyed.

The Blairs knew they hold an undivided ownership, as do all citizens, in 200 million acres of the greatest vacation territory in the nation—our national parks and forests. They knew also that within this vast area are improved camping places, where one may pitch camp without any fee or at a nominal charge in a few locations. And they, along with many thousands of other visitors to these public reservations, took advantage of the camp-way to travel in the best vacation territory the country has to offer.

If you visit the National Parks you'll find public camping areas on the shores of Yellowstone lake, or near the roaring falls and color-splashed canyon, or near Old Faithful geyser. There are camping facilities near the rim of Grand Canyon, in Zion Canyon, in the center of Yosemite's splendor, and similar facilities in most of the other major national parks. For a moderate entrance fee, a low charge for camp space, you

can pitch your tent or locate your trailer in one of these spots and from there leisurely visit all the wonder and beauties of a park. You're in the center of some of America's most famous scenic tourist attractions.

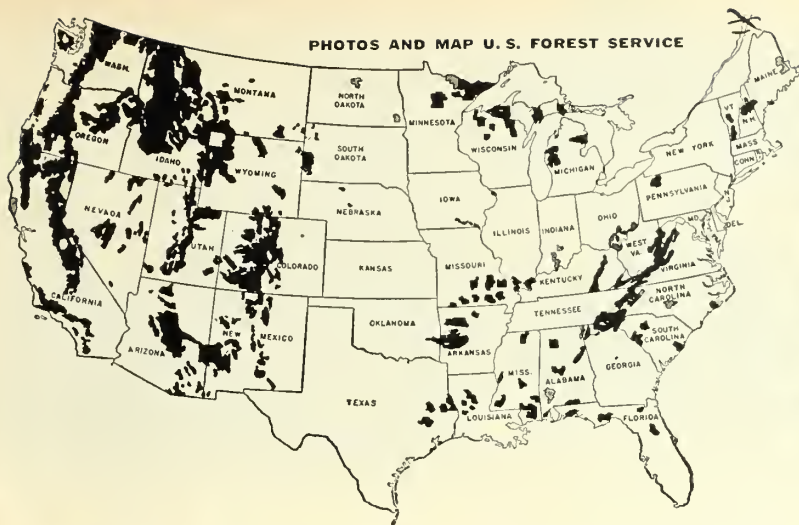
The National Parks can be your vacation land at a low cost if you take advantage of the camp areas in them. But don't overlook your forests.

Camping opportunities within the national forests, the other great public reservations, add up to amazing figures. There are about 4500 improved camping grounds within the 179 million acres within the National Forests. The 152 publicly owned forests are located in 40 States. They are near or contain such attractions as Blackwater Canyon with its 60 foot waterfalls in West Virginia, Mount Rushmore memorial in South Dakota, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Pikes Peak in Colorado, and 5000 lakes in the Superior National Forest of Minnesota.

There is room at any one time for 280,000 visitors in the National Forest camps!

No fee is charged for entering a National Forest; all except a dozen of the forest camps are open to use without charge. You can compensate for the use of one of these improved recreation areas by observing general and local rules for fire protection, not leaving





The black areas show our National Forests. Even though they are sparse in some sections, you'll find one or more within range of your car.



These tourists are enjoying lunch at Little Rocky Pond Shelter, a scenic spot located in the Green Mountain National Forest of Vermont.



If you like fishing, you'll usually find it in lovely settings such as Packwood Lake, located in Columbia National Forest, Washington.

litter and garbage strewn around, merely behaving as though you owned the camp, as you actually do have a share-ownership in it, and by being a good camper.

These camps do not offer the luxury accommodations of a swank hotel. To expect metropolitan services is slightly ridiculous—but last season one visitor to a forest recreation area in Oregon expected service that wasn't there. He was upset and unhappy.

The local forest ranger was making an inspection of the camp site when this tourist came stomping toward him, boiling with indignation.

"This is a heck of a camp!" exploded the visitor. "What's troubling you?" the ranger said.

"I can't find any plug-in for my radio!" declared the unhappy tourist. "No electric plug-ins. What a heck of a camp this is!"

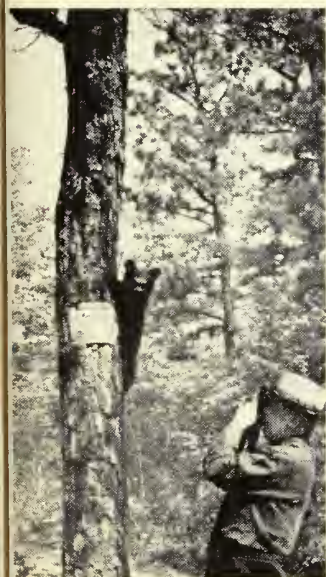
The improved camping places do offer basic conveniences. Safe water, often piped from some clear spring, may be procured from faucets handily located near rock-built outdoor stoves. Plank tables, garbage cans or pits, suitable spots for pitching a tent or parking a trailer, and toilets are other basic facilities. At some camps there are frame or log structures that serve as community shelters and as housing when conditions demand such quarters.

You need not restrict yourself to these designated recreation grounds in most National Forests; you can find your own camping place at some back-country spot, with mountains surrounding you, a clear trout stream a few paces from your tent. If you search out your own spot, it is best to contact the local ranger if possible, make certain of fire rules or other restrictions that may be in force at that time and in that forest, and get his suggestions for good places to stop.

Bob Chandler, native Californian, veteran of World War II, Pacific Theatre, has assembled an outfit that makes it easy to stop either at the established campgrounds or any other good spot. Now Bob lives in Denver and just to the westward the Rockies beckon him to hit the outdoor trail.

"I wanted to share my fun with my family," Bob says. "So I bought a trailer with a bed 4 by 7 feet for \$90. I spent maybe \$30 more for equipment and put in my own labor to fit out the trailer with a plywood top, screened sides, a let-down table on one side for the gasoline camp stove, a vest-pocket kitchen in the trailer endgate, and a rack for a water can, shovel and ax on the trailer's side opposite the stove shelf.

"My wife and our daughters, 2 and 4 years old, sleep in the trailer," Bob explains. "I throw my bed-roll under it and drop a tarp (*Continued on page 40*)



Bear cub in George Washington National Forest.

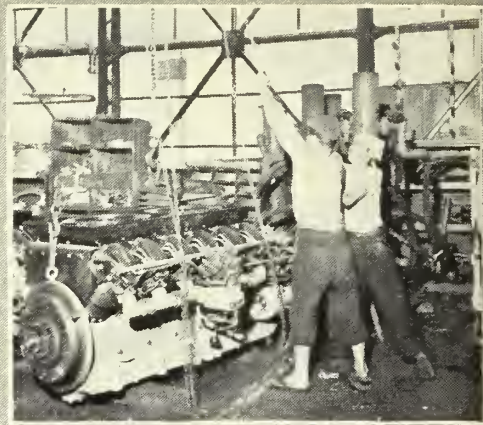


Doe and fawn in the La Croix District, Superior National Forest, Minnesota.





These battered tanks back from Korea cost \$240,000 apiece new.



Tank engine overhauled in comeback.

# Their ingenuity saved **KOREA**

U. S. Technicians raided the scrap pile to get the troops "must" matériel.

**By JOSEPH P. O'CONNELL, JR. and CAPT. A. D. BRUCE, JR.**

**A**DVANCE elements of the North Korean army had punched a hole in the American line and pushed a tank-led column to within 30 miles of Pusan. Thousands of enemy shock troops were being reorganized and re-supplied. Soon they'd pour through the gap, exploit the breakthrough, and crack the Pusan Perimeter.

The commies had us set up for the knockout.

Then it happened!

American infantrymen and Marines sprang the trap. The "second front" invasion force stormed ashore at Inchon, 200 miles northwest of Pusan.

Against relatively light opposition they secured a beach-head, launched a heavily armed column in a 120-mile race to the east to seal off the peninsula, and wheeled their main force south to trap the North Korean army and relieve the undermanned and under-gunned American troops dug-in for the all-out enemy assault.

The dramatic ending to what might have been the story of a tragic American defeat is well known. But this story

might have been different. The brilliant military operation climaxed at Inchon could never have been carried out—at least not until it was too late—without Rebuild.

Bullets and bazookas, tanks and trucks, guns and grenades abandoned on Pacific battlefields in the wake of frantic demobilization after the surrender of Japan saved the U. S. Eighth Army in Korea . . . because of Rebuild.

Without rebuilt World War II guns, ammunition and transportation the Inchon invasion could not have been mounted in time. LCM's and LCT's that beached the assault force a thousand yards inland during a few precious hours of high tide had once before carried an invasion force ashore at Guadalcanal, at Tarawa, at Leyte, and at Okinawa—and then were abandoned. Millions of tons of weapons and equipment poured ashore in support of advancing troops had helped defeat another enemy less than five years before—and had also been abandoned.

Salvaged shells slammed into the

communist spearhead near Pusan blunted the enemy assault. American and ROK infantrymen counterattacked immediately and rolled to an early link-up with the invasion force. Many of their guns and most of their tanks and trucks had come from rebuild depots in Japan.

Rebuild is the product of economic necessity. In 1949 military spending was slashed. National Defense was demobilized to a peace-time basis. No funds were available to replace the worn-out guns and trucks of the four occupation divisions in Japan. Yet replacements had to be made. There was only one answer. Recover and rebuild the millions of tons of weapons and equipment abandoned on the islands of the Pacific after World War II.

After VJ-Day, the American people demanded the immediate return of all combat veterans. Somebody else could take over occupation duties and pack up the weapons of war.

These sentiments were understandable and logical, except for one thing. There was no "somebody else," at least not enough of them. Few installations





Rebuilt tanks ready to roll. Repair bill, \$700 each.

had enough troops to guard equipment, let alone to recover, repair, and preserve it for possible future use. Americans were tired of war, too tired to save the finest war machines ever built.

The idea of Rebuild seemed simple enough in theory, perhaps, but in reality it was the most ambitious and challenging salvage program in history. The world's largest treasure hunt sent thousands of American soldiers on a reconquest of familiar battlegrounds. This time their objective was abandoned war material. They got what they went after — weapons and equipment once worth billions of dollars.

Rusted and broken howitzers, rotted and shattered tanks, corroded and bat-

machines, tools, plants and skilled labor in America would have been seriously challenged by this project. It was far more difficult in Japan.

The Army didn't question *whether* the job could be done, only *when* and *how*.

Former Japanese Army and Navy bases were converted into receiving and rebuild centers. Warehouses were re-

were trained intensively in American mass production techniques, safety methods, and other manufacturing processes.

Many Japanese employees formerly held top-rank commands in the Army and Navy. The Tokyo Ordnance Depot, for example, has a former major general as paint shop foreman, two ex-admirals working in the motor pool and



Snow-nestled tank fires in troop support.

#### A FEW INSTANCES OF THE OPERATION THE ARMY CALLS REBUILD



Back of Korean front sergeant tests delicate radio equipment being reprocessed.



Japanese workmen cut tops off salvaged combat boots, under supervision of U.S. soldier.



Portable flame throwers being readied for return to action, at a Korean installation.

tered radios, twisted and ripped bulldozers were recovered. Surgical instruments and x-ray machines, cranes and locomotives, gas masks and flame throwers were uprooted from their jungle graves. Millions of tons of material were shipped to Ordnance, Signal, Chemical, Engineer, Transportation, Medical, and Quartermaster depots in Japan to be rebuilt.

The ingenuity and wealth of modern

quisitioned or built. Civilian experts and technicians were brought over from the United States to help plan and run the gigantic operation. American troops were given special courses in management, classification and supply control methods. Thousands of Japanese laborers were hired to answer critical manpower needs and to bolster their nation's economy. The most skilled were made supervisors and all

the fire control section, a former colonel employed in the foundry, and an ex-lieutenant commander helping to turn out rifles and other weapons in the small arms shop. They have become excellently adapted to their new work and have been producing first-rate results.

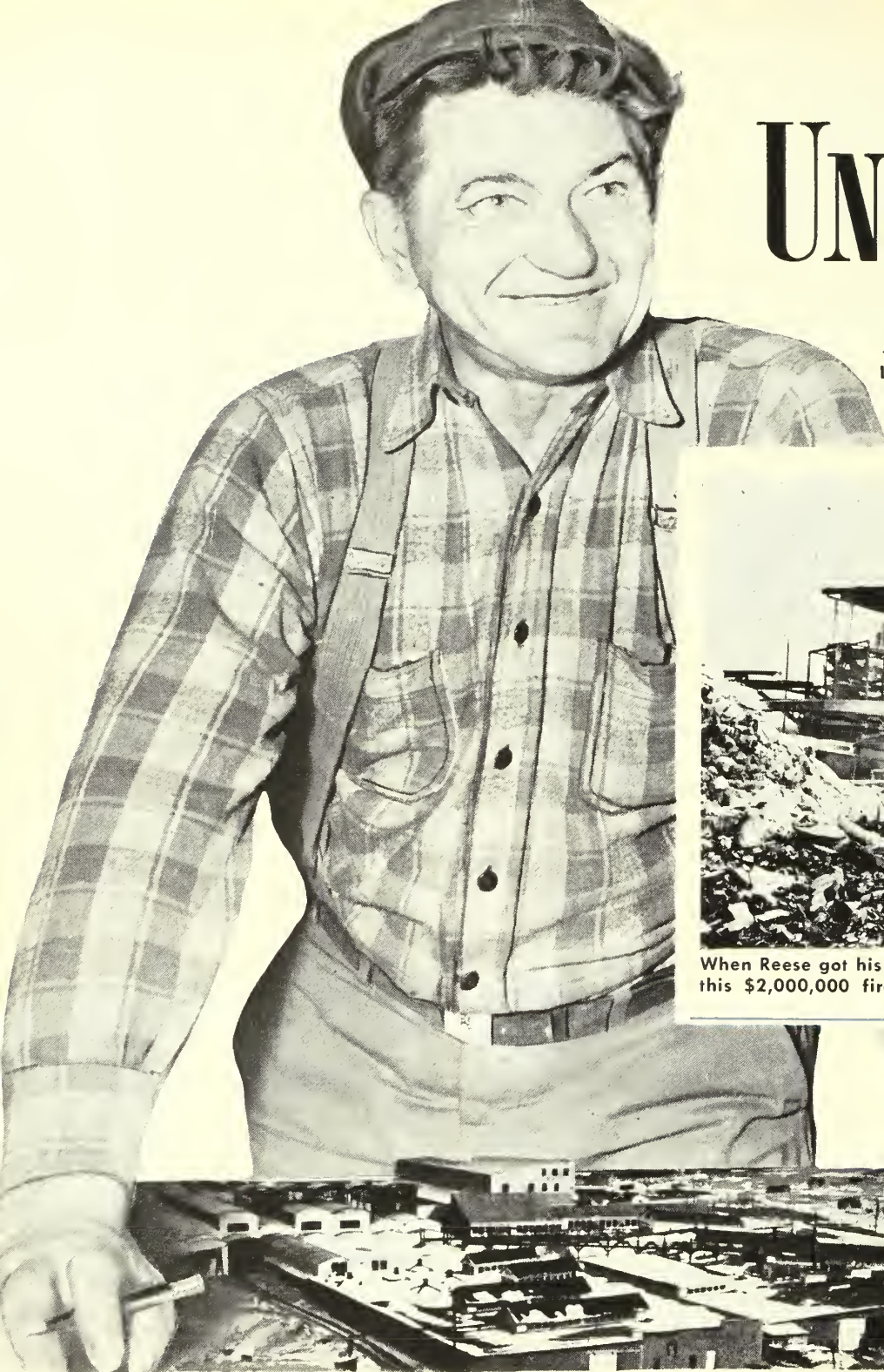
However, it wasn't easy for Japanese laborers in Ordnance and other depots to bridge the barrier of language or to

(Continued on page 61)



# UNCLE LEW'S

◀ You'll find no trace of the stuffed shirt in Lewis P. Reese, president of Scio Pottery.



When Reese got his first plant to where it was paying off for everyone, this \$2,000,000 fire in 1947 wiped him out, just before Christmas.

PHOTOS, LEW REESE AND HIS SCIO POTTERY, GREENBERG PUBLISHER

**A** FEW MONTHS ago, the employees of an Ohio pottery got so stirred up that they secretly started circulating a petition. It was a petition of protest against a proposal made by their boss for their own future enrichment. The boss had suggested that he might sell the plant to a large university so that, by avoiding heavy inheritance taxes after his death, the company would have more capital to continue its present profit-sharing policies.

But the 1,200 employees wanted no part of the scheme. They rose up in arms against it. "We don't care what happens to Uncle Lew's money after he dies," they said as they passed the petition from hand to hand. "All we want is to keep Uncle Lew as our boss — and to keep him bossing us as long as he lives."

In most industrial organizations, such an attitude would be unusual to say the least, but there was nothing extraordi-

nary about it in this particular case. As a matter of fact, it would have been surprising if the employees had reacted differently. That is because this is one company where brotherly love actually exists between labor and management, and one where that much misused expression, "Big, Happy Family" really applies.

You've probably heard of the company and its top man. He is Lewis P. Reese, president of the Scio Pottery of



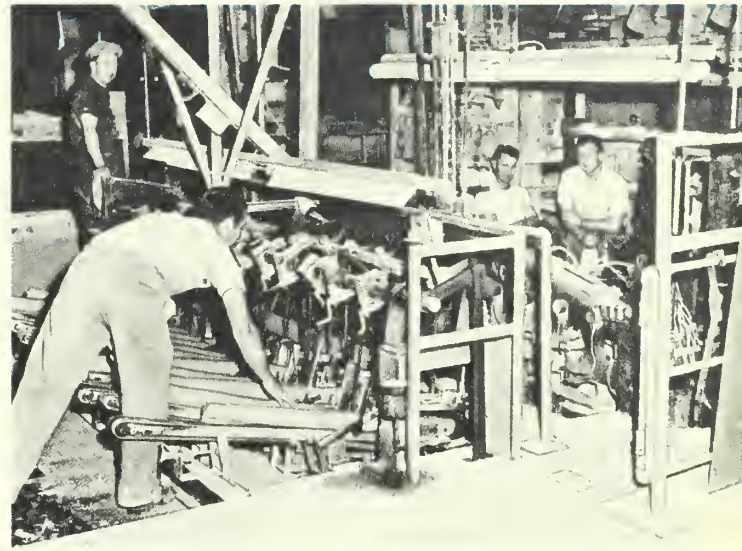
# HAPPY FAMILY

By CLARENCE WOODBURY

Here is one company where brotherly love actually exists between labor and management, where there are no strikes, and people don't get fired.



The day after the fire Reese's employees and the townspeople of Scio pitched in to clear the rubble and start work on a brand new factory.



Scio Pottery has been able to outstrip competitors because of plant efficiency. Employees suggest ways to up production.

Scio, Ohio, who received national publicity five years ago when his plant burned down and was rebuilt by his employees—who worked day and night in zero weather to put him back into business. Even if you don't remember that, you have probably eaten off one of Lew Reese's plates or drunk out of one of his cups. The Scio Pottery is the nation's biggest producer of inexpensive dinnerware such as is sold in the five-and-dime stores.

It is also unique in other respects. . . . In 19 years, Lew Reese has never had a strike or fired anybody except for persistent drunkenness. . . . In addition to paying the highest wages in the pottery industry, he divvies profits with his employees. . . . The employees, in turn, shower him with gifts. . . . Everybody turns work into play. . . . Girl employees dance beside china conveyors and throw birthday parties right on the job. . . . Practical jokers pin tails on the unsuspecting and pass out rubber doughnuts in the company cafeteria. . . . To add to the fun, Uncle Lew has even installed two live bears in the plant. . . .

These are just a few of the things which make the Scio happy family different from any other industrial outfit you're apt to run into. When I visited the pottery recently, I didn't know what to expect. I had been tipped off that Lew Reese was an original sort of character. I had heard that his employees thought a lot of him. That was about all I knew. I was prepared for anything.

But my actual experience at the Scio Pottery surpassed anything I had anticipated. Never anywhere else have I seen so many people thoroughly enjoying themselves at the humdrum business of earning a living. Never before have I seen quite so felicitous a marriage between labor and management. Lew Reese is an original, but there is nothing crackpot about him. On the contrary, his story is a homespun saga of common sense, work and achievement. It is a story, moreover, which underlines two great truths which cannot be overemphasized in these times—that enlightened capitalism gives the average worker a better break than any form

of socialism; and that employers and employees can live together in perfect harmony if they only try. . . .

Lew Reese met me at the station when I arrived in Scio, a town of 1,100 on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad 74 miles west of Pittsburgh. A powerfully-built man of 59, he was wearing a lumberjack shirt, frayed gal-luses, and a pair of old pants that needed mending. Far from resembling the conventional industrialist, he looked like a working man who had just left his tools in a ditch or under a truck. But his strong, rough-hewn face was arresting. It is an old-fashioned American type of face, humorous yet thoughtful, which reminds some people of Will Rogers and makes others think of Abe Lincoln.

I soon found that Reese's manners were just as informal as his clothes. He waved me into his car—a big Cadillac which, incidentally, is the only luxury he goes in for—and asked me if I would like to drive. "She's brand new," he said, "and she drives nice."

Since I didn't know the road, I said  
(Continued on page 44)



# Never bet on the OLYMPICS

The outstanding champions often get beaten by unknowns in the Olympics. Don't pick your Helsinki winners too soon.



Harrison Dillard, No. 59 left, our ace hurdler, had unaccountably failed to qualify for his specialty in the 1948 Olympics. Never known as a top flight sprinter, he entered and won the 100 meters at London.

By ARTHUR DALEY



Ladas, the Spartan, Olympic winner in 768 B.C., falls dead from overexertion as the judges give him the palm of victory.

ANY TRACK and field expert could tell you—and he wouldn't have to think overly long to do it—precisely which events the United States will positively win at the Olympic Games

in Helsinki next month. It's a lead-pipe cinch Harrison Dillard or Attlessey will take the hurdles; Big Jim Fuchs will walk off with the shot put honors; the vaulting parson Bob Richards will easily outclimb the other vaulters and maybe Don Gehrman will take the Olympic equivalent of the mile run—the 1500 meter race. But, just a minute please. Are we really that sure?

Confidentially, bub, we ain't. The Olympic form chart is notoriously unreliable and more favorites have lost than ever have won in this greatest of international shows. It may be comforting to rattle off the names of our 15-foot vaulters and all our other impressive record breakers. But the only thing you can be sure of is that some guy you never have heard of will win at least one Olympic title, probably with a record performance.

You don't believe it, eh? Okay. Let's spin back the clock—or the calendar—four years to the Spring of 1948. Who were the fellows most certain of gaining Olympic laurels at London? There were at least five and probably more,

all seemingly invincible holders of world's records. Look 'em over—Harrison Dillard of Baldwin-Wallace in the high hurdles, Chuck Fonville of Michigan in the shot put, Viljo Heino of Finland in the 10,000 meters, Herbert McKenley of Jamaica in the 400 and Lennart Strand of Sweden in the 1,500. None of them could lose. None of them won the Olympic championship destined for him.

Dillard is undoubtedly the most vivid example of the peculiar and curious things which will happen in an Olympic year. No one could even begin to challenge his utter and absolute supremacy as a hurdler. As he made ready for America's final Olympic tryouts, he had compiled the incredible total of eighty-two successive timber-topping victories and he held every world hurdling record in the book. Could there ever be a surer bet than he?

But in those tryouts Dillard, who *couldn't* falter or nick a hurdle, unaccountably hit the second barrier and never recovered. His dream of Olympic glory seemed ended as he came to a



## LONDON 1948



Big, powerful Henri Eriksson beat Strand in the rain and mud in the 1500 meters. Both Swedes. Slijkuis of Holland was third.



Jackson Scholz upset the dope in the 200 meters at Paris in 1924 by beating Charlie Paddock, called "the world's fastest human."



Doug Lowe of Britain finished first in the 800 meters at Paris against strong American competition.

heartbreaking stop in front of the seventh hurdle, hands holding the top in utter frustration and head bowed low in abject despair.

It mattered not that he also had entered the 100-meter flat race almost as an afterthought and had qualified for the team. He still wasn't a sprinter. He was in the Olympics on a rain-check, so to speak. Yet the man with a raincheck was to out-sprint the world's fastest sprinters at London and win an Olympic championship in the *wrong* event.

## AMSTERDAM 1928



At Amsterdam in 1928 we held a strong hand in the sprints with (left to right) Bob McAllister, Charlie Borah and Frank Wykoff, but Williams of Canada (below) ran first in the 100 and 200.



Also at Amsterdam our hurdlers were rated best, but Lord Burghley, British aristocrat, won the 400 meter timber topping.



Ritola

Nurmi

And Willie Ritola beat the immortal Paavo Nurmi at 5,000 meters. Both Finns.

However, Dillard was luckier than most because he'd fitted two arrows in his bow and the lesser arrow hit the bull's eye. Fonville had only one arrow which he shot in the air "and where it went he knew not where." The first 58-foot shot putter in the history of the sport, the husky Michigan youngster barely reached 54 feet in the tryouts. It wasn't good enough for a qualifying place. Thus this "certain Olympic champion" couldn't even make the Olympic team.

(Continued on page 49)





Three California youngsters move into quarters at Sacramento Fair Grounds for 8-day session.



The band was just a part of an entire temporary society of 17-year-olds at last year's California Boys' State. Every state had Boys' State in '51.

# Is Boys State Big Enough?

To this California Legionnaire, Boys' State looks too good to be so small.

By **EDWARD LONGSTRETH**

**W**HEN A teenage friend of mine in San Diego County, California, was asked if he'd like to go to Boys' State, he said: "What's that?"

Joe had just finished junior year in high school, which made him eligible for Boys' State, and his principal had selected him for sponsorship by one of the local Legion Posts.

Joe's principal explained that Boys' State was an encampment of boys held for two weeks every year under American Legion auspices to give teenage boys experience in the practical functioning of local, county and state government.

Joe learned that it was an idea that began as an experiment conducted by the Illinois Legion Department in 1935, and that last year every state in the Union had a Boys' State, while in many states The American Legion Auxiliary sponsored Girls' States.

Joe decided to give it a try, and became one of 715 boys who were sent to California Boys' State in June of

last year. From the moment that the North Island Post (Naval Air Base) sponsored Joe, he began to look forward to June 22 as something new in the way of adventure.

The day finally came and Joe made the long trip north.

Arrived at Boys' State, which was held in a huge (and clean) cow barn on the State Fair Grounds near Sacramento, Joe formed up to register for his medical exam and quarters assignment.

He showed a certain aptitude for politics right off. When he saw how many were in line ahead of him he was in no hurry at all.

Browsing around, he came upon a stack of little white pieces of paper that proved to be blanks to filled out if you wanted to send something home.

Joe took one of the slips and joined the end of the line.

Affecting as much wide-eyed innocence as he could, he leaned out and said to the fellows ahead of him, "Have

you folks all got your little white slips?"

No one had.

"Where do you get them?" someone asked.

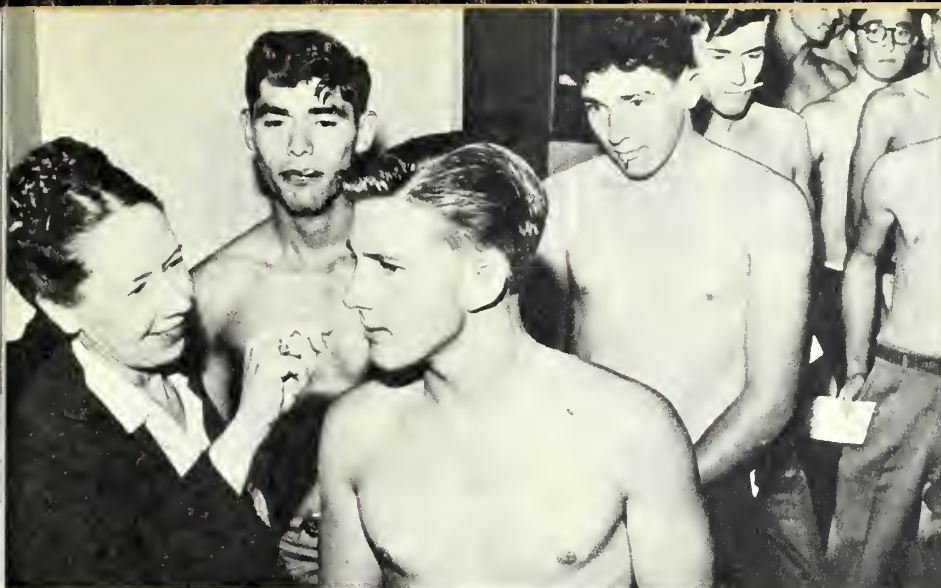
"Over there on the table."

Most of the boys fell out of line to get their little white slips and Joe moved up almost to the top. Since it was the first event of the first day he suffered no harm.

When Joe was assigned to his quarters he found it was the same as being given a residence in a state political subdivision, for each big set of stalls in the huge cow barn was a city housing 34 boys each, 17 of them assigned to the Federalist Party and 17 of them to the Whig Party.

The cities bore the picturesque names of leaders famous in California's development: Serra, Fremont, Sutter, Crocker, Carson, Donner, Stanford, Muir, Kearney, Judah, Burbank, and so on. Three cities formed one county and the seven counties formed the state. Joe was assigned to Kearney City in Gough





Legion sent 715 boys to California Boys' State last year. Every boy checked in for a medical exam before plunging into week-long self-government tasks.



State Governor Warren and Legion officials greeted youths, and at end of week boys took over state capitol. Later, top boy officials got to Washington, D. C.

County, peopled by boys like himself.

The community had its own newspaper, *Boys' Stater*, a lively, four-page, mimeographed daily whose editor had won the job with a distinguished essay on Boys' State. Besides news coverage it had a roving reporter and the statements he collected on the first day gave a cross section of what the boys' first reaction was to the novel experience they were having.

One boy said the place was a lot bigger and cleaner than he thought it would be. Another asked, "Where are the girls?" Another moaned, "My feet.

They're tired of standing in line."

"Everyone is a lot friendlier than I thought they would be," was the self-revealing remark of one boy, while another reflected the desolation of his home environment—which out there might be either city or desert—by noticing "the place is full of birds."

The average age of the boys was about 17, and as they all had just completed junior year in high school they were under fair competition with each other. Only one out of them all was going to be elected governor, but there were many other offices throughout the

state and plenty for every boy to do.

In fact some of the boys who apparently led undisciplined lives at home thought there was too much regimentation. There were scheduled periods for studying the Legion's digest of California's governmental organization and functions and in addition the boys were taught how to draft bills and enact them into laws, and the proper way to administer and enforce the law after it was passed.

But Boys' State was too well run to expect a convention of teenage "sunkis juveniles," as one of them expressed it, to spend two weeks in June just studying government and campaigning for office. The schedule paralleled the well-balanced life of the average American and included provisions for culture, entertainment and sports. The "counties" had teams in volley-ball, football, softball, touchball and swimming. Joe found it to be a strenuous routine but there was plenty of time for rest and sleep.

During siesta and bunk fatigue Joe joined in the inevitable bull sessions, with topics supplied by the World News Events column and editorials in *Boys' Stater* and the pin-up girl contest for Miss California Boys' State of 1951 and big league baseball.

The first practical application of what the boys had learned about government in theory began where it should, of course, at the beginning, with the election of five city councilmen. These would appoint the city officials—an expedient to save time.

My friend Joe decided not to run for office but try for an appointment to one. Modestly passing over mayor and judge and yet valuing himself above chief of police, he settled on city attorney.

But the wise Legionnaires who planned Boys' State were all ready for Joe. He could not be eligible for an appointive job like city attorney until he had passed his bar exam.

The first question on the exam was, "Why do you want to be a lawyer?" The third question was on the United States Constitution. Seven other questions had to be answered yes or no, true or false, where a fellow has a 50-50 chance, but the second question really threw him. It was "What does Habeas Corpus mean?"

The end-result of his bar exam was that Joe was appointed voting clerk, postmaster and deputy police chief and deputy sheriff.

He was also given a pamphlet in which the Legion had printed not only the definition of habeas corpus but also a short resumé of the way the law courts function.

("Habeas Corpus: Every person unlawfully imprisoned or restrained of his  
(Continued on page 39)



# HOW TO FINISH OR REFINISH WOOD

You can make it look brand new and save yourself money.

By **ROBERT SCHARFF**

**T**HE BEAUTY of any wood depends on its finish. There are, however, no short cuts to obtaining a good finish. It takes time and patience. But remember, the finish you apply will flatter or ruin the appearance of either a newly completed project or an old object being done over.

Perhaps the most important and time-consuming step in producing a beautiful, flawless finish is the proper preparation of the wood surface. Application of any number of finishing coats will not cover defects; rather, it tends to magnify them, and scratches which go undetected and seem slight in bare wood, stick out like sore thumbs under a high finish.

If a really fine finish is desired, too much time cannot be expended on sanding the surface. Power sanders of the oscillating or belt type take the work out of sanding; however, if these are

PHOTOS BY  
THE AUTHOR



1. To get varnish out of cracks, apply varnish remover with toothbrush.



## ◀ STEPS IN REFINISHING AN OLD PIECE OF FURNITURE



2. On larger areas, apply remover to old surface with burlap or an old paint brush.



3. Run string back and forth in cracks. Better wear rubber gloves in applying the remover.



4. To take finish off flat surface, use wood scraper. Careful, or you'll cut the wood.



5. To neutralize remover, clean the project with wood alcohol before refinishing it.

## FIXING SCRATCHES, DENTS ▶



1. Scratches or dents can be filled with stick shellac. Heat the stick and apply.



2. Surface scratches on varnish can be removed by using a thin coat of turps.



3. A dent can be removed by placing a moistened cloth over it, then pressing.



4. To wash furniture, use water, turpentine, linseed oil solution. Wax when dry.



5. To polish large surfaces, rub with a piece of carpet wrapped around a brick.

not available, you can do a satisfactory job of sanding by hand, wrapping the paper around a flat, felt-covered block and working with progressively finer grades of garnet paper from medium down to 5-0 grade. During the sanding operation, keep testing the surface with your fingertips and continue to rub until it has the feel of satin. Scratches that are invisible to the eye but which loom up when the finish is applied can easily be discerned by the simple finger tip test.

Small dents may often be removed by placing several thicknesses of moistened cloth over the dent and then pressing with a hot iron. The steam swells the wood fibers, brings them back to their original position. The process may have to be repeated several times to remove the dent completely. Sandpaper the surface when it is dry. Holes and other imperfections may be repaired by using crack filler or plastic wood ac-



cording to manufacturer's directions, by using fine sawdust mixed with glue; by inserting plugs cut so that the grain matches; or by using stick shellac. In the case of stick shellac, coloring is simply a matter of making the right selection; plastic wood or crack filler can be tinted with colors in oil.

After the surface is smooth, the finishing procedure depends on the color desired and the kind of wood. Actually, differences in named finishes for furniture are largely a matter of color and do not involve any great variation in technique. The standard finishing schedule for all uniform colors in coarse-grain woods, such as oak, walnut, mahogany and ash, is quite simple; stain the wood (if desired), fill with wood paste filler, and then apply top coats of varnish or lacquer. Close-grained woods, which include most soft wood, do not require filling, making the basic schedule a simple one of staining and varnishing.

Staining is usually the first operation in applying a transparent finish to wood if the natural color of wood is not desired. But before deciding to use a stain, there are several points to keep in mind.

easiest to use. They are applied with a brush or cloth. Since these stains do not penetrate very deeply into the wood, they are easy to control. If, when the stain is dry, it seems too dark, a light sanding will remove some if not all of the stain. Manufacturer's directions on the container should be followed explicitly. Since oil stains will bleed into



1. First step is sanding, using progressively finer grades of garnet paper.



2. Never apply too much stain. If too dark, sanding is only way of lightening.



3. A filler is used to fill the pores in coarse-grained wood after the stain is dry.



4. To seal the filler, a wash coat of shellac is applied to the surface and sanded.



5. A varnished surface requires 3 or 4 coats. Rub with steel wool after each coat.

6. To preserve a newly completed furniture piece, apply 2-3 coats paste wax.



6. Alcohol and remover raise wood grain, so sandpaper with a fine grade of paper.

7. The stain is applied with a brush or cloth and is applied with the grain of the wood.

8. Stain is then wiped off. Remember, the longer the stain is on, the darker the finish.

9. Apply the varnish as it comes out from the can—first with the grain, then across it.

10. For best varnish finish, rub surface with pumice, rottenstone, linseed oil mixture.

11. The final step is to apply a good paste wax and rub. Don't spare elbow grease.

First, stains can only be used to darken wood—they will not make the wood lighter. The longer a stain is left on the wood surface before wiping it off, the deeper it will penetrate and the darker will be the final effect. If you wish to tint the wood only slightly, apply a thin coat of stain and wipe it off immediately. Remember that it is always possible to get a darker effect by applying another coat of stain once the first is dry. But if the first coat dries out too dark, the only way to lighten up the wood is to sand out the stain. Also, the end grain of wood absorbs stain more readily and faster than the other areas, so use especially light coats on such places so they will not darken more than the wood.

Although there are many types of stains, the best for beginners are water stains and oil stains. Oil stains are sold ready-mixed at paint stores and are the

finishing coats of varnish and lacquer, always seal the stain wash coat of seven parts alcohol to one part shellac.

Water stain is the least expensive kind of stain you can purchase. It comes in powder form and is mixed with hot water for use. The main disadvantage of this stain is that the water leaves the wood surface very rough, and therefore the surface must be sanded smooth again after the stain is dry. The advantages of this stain, aside from its low cost, are that it is non-fading, and non-bleeding, and gives an even coloring. A water stain may be applied with either brush, spray gun or cloth. Before the stain is applied, the wood should be sponged with water so that the grain rises, and then it must be sanded smooth. This eliminates some of the sanding necessary after the wood has been stained. When applied with a brush, the stain should be distributed

freely. Allow the stain twenty hours to dry.

A filler is used to fill the pores in coarse-grained woods after staining or before applying the final finish. Paste filler may be made by mixing ground siliceous, japan drier, linseed oil and turpentine or it may be purchased in cans in amounts as small as one pound. Prepared paste filler, which is inexpensive, is generally the best for home craftsmen. Although paste fill may be purchased in a number of colors, select a shade slightly darker than the color of your wood; for the wood will gradually turn darker as it ages. If the desired color cannot be obtained, get a light color and add a little colored pigment.

Before using paste filler, thin it by mixing it with a small amount of turpentine or naphtha, until it is of proper

(Continued on page 53)



# Legion Rod and Gun Club

By JACK DENTON SCOTT



**IF YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING IDEA OR SUGGESTION OUR OUTDOORS EDITOR CAN USE ON THIS PAGE, HE'LL PAY OFF WITH HUNTING AND FISHING ACCESSORIES.**

It is my personal opinion that The American Legion Magazine has more real sportsmen readers than any other magazine in America. I'd appreciate a sampling of your thinking. If you like the Rod and Gun Club will you invest two cents in a post card and tell us just what you would like to see in this department?

I know one thing for certain. Our reader participation is perking up. Here are a couple of items we thought worth repeating:

Earl W. Capper, Sr., of Letts, Indiana, advises:

"A new treatment of an old technique, the variations of which are quickly and easily adaptable to many conditions and situations can be had by using materials at hand in most any fishing kit. Remove the gangs or single hooks from any old floating plug that fits your casting or spinning style. Attach 1 foot of 4 pound gut leader to the dummy plug, adding a small snap swivel to the end of the leader. To the end of your line, attach in the order named, 18 inches of leader, a #0 silver or gold spinner, hook or gang removed from plug. Bait with worms, night crawler or pork rind.

"For any depth fishing, 4 feet for example, make a simple finger loop in line 3 feet above bait, and attach plug by means of snap on end of leader (3 feet of line and 1 foot leader on plug give 4 feet).

"The rig can be cast or tossed effectively into moving water at the lower end of pools and potholes, allowed to drift into swift water, then retrieved slowly by reeling in. Wet flies, in combination with a couple of small split shot will also produce. By varying proportions of line and leader this arrangement with a little experimenting provides a method of getting light baits in desirable spots and working them presentably."



And Sid Kleinberg of Catskill, New York throws these tips out to the readers of Rod and Gun:

"If you have an old nylon casting line past its prime, don't throw it away. It makes excellent thread for reinforcing seams and sewing rips in fishing and hunting clothing.

"Have trouble carrying split shot sinks?

An old fountain pen with nib and sac removed makes a fine carrier—clips to your fishing shirt or jacket.

"For keeping fish fresh while astream, make a lining for your creel out of light canvas or muslin. Soak the lining with water. Natural evaporation will keep the fish cool and moist.

"Do porcupines give your cabin the business in their prow for salt? A salt block in a protected spot under or near the cabin will save damage and big hunks of temper.

"Don't clutter your camp area with tin cans. Throw them in the fire when empty, crush them flat when cool and put them in a shallow hole in the ground. Oxidation will be rapid with the tin plating burned off, soon leaving nothing but a little pile of rust."



I've been getting mail from readers who claim their automatic pistols jam. Here's a tip that may help. A close inspection of the magazine itself will probably show that the lips have been slightly spread or pried. A thin line or crack appears on the rear of the lip. This leads to a further spread of the lip and causes the jam.

Pistols and revolvers are also a part of *The American Legion Marksmanship Program*. If you want to know more about fun with handguns, drop George Sweeney, National Director of the program, a line at 1598 Olympian Circle, S.W., Atlanta, Georgia.

That pistol or revolver is a necessary item on your fishing or camping trip. The handgun is a gutty little protector that you can't afford to be without. Besides, it's plenty of fun to stick up a target after the end of a fishing day and do some constructive plinking. It's good practice for the trigger squeeze you'll need when deer hunting with your .30-'06. We suggest that you check your state laws regarding the transportation of hand guns.

Speaking of guns, C. W. McConnell of Clancy, Montana, recently sent in a little item we got a chuckle out of. He enclosed a picture of himself wearing a hunting jacket with a bull's eye target worked out in clear and large detail on the back.

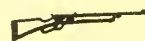
"The hunters around here," said McConnell, "had so much trouble killing hunters that I thought this would help. Began wearing this twelve years ago—the bum shots miss me and sometimes get a deer."



Don't think your dog inferior if he isn't a purebred specimen. One of the best hunting dogs I have ever seen was a dog who must have been about one-tenth pointer—the remainder was anybody's guess. The important thing for a hunter to remember is to use a dog. You will increase your pleasure in the field and conserve game. We've had it suggested that every licensed hunter who goes after small game, either birds or rabbits, should be made to hunt with a dog. Wounded game would not crawl away to die, easy food for foxes; hunters would not leave the wounded game and shoot their limit regardless. What do you think?

Going camping? Remember then you are going to spend at least one-third of that camping trip in bed. So the making of a comfortable bed is important. Here are a few facts that will add to your comfort.

Heavy wool blankets aren't what they are cracked up to be. They're too heavy in proportion to the warmth they retain. Two light blankets will do the trick nicely. They're easier to pack and will place a layer of dead air between them which is the secret of warmth.



Don't stick your guns away this summer and forget them. Clean the exterior of the gun with a solvent like carbon tetrachloride and oil the inside of the barrel and action as usual. Then use the neat Silicote Cloth which costs under a buck for keeping the rust off the exterior. This also gives a beautiful finish on both stock and gun barrel. Tying up your firearms in plastic bags made for the purpose is good. Make a practice of taking your guns out and inspecting them periodically. Don't neglect them.

If you have problems or questions connected with the outdoors: hunting, fishing, dogs, etc., don't hesitate to send them on to The Outdoor Editor, American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y. We will do our best to help. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



## Fair Treatment of Veteran Reservists Urged By Legion Chairman Before Senate Committee

Warning against repetition of the "disgraceful conditions" that attended the call-up of World War II reservists for duty in Korea, The American Legion has urged the Senate to approve legislation obligating non-veterans to Armed Forces reserve duty and active service in the event of a future emergency.

Granville S. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Chairman of the Legion's National Security Training Committee, made the plea on May 26 before a subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee considering H. R. 5426, a House-approved bill to reorganize the reserve system.

"There is nothing in the bill as now drawn to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate situation that attained in 1950 and 1951, insofar as members of the reserve are concerned," Ridley said. "In the event of another emergency in the next six years, what is to prevent a Korean veteran from being once again called to duty while hundreds of thousands of eligible young men who escaped the draft go scot-free without having done a single day's training or service in the military forces?"

The American Legion advocates that young men who have not served in the Armed Forces should be called first, Ridley asserted.

### Cites Veterans' Plight

Pointing out that "only about one out of every six registrants" is being drafted through Selective Service, The American Legion spokesman told the Senators:

"We urge this subcommittee to give sympathetic consideration to the plight of the veterans, each of whom has already carried the load for himself and five non-veterans, but is still liable to have to carry it for six (additional) years." H. R. 5426 should be rewritten, declared Ridley, "so as to provide an orderly replacement of all veteran reservists by those who have rendered no military service."

Ridley noted that the pending bill was written and passed by the House on the assumption that a Universal Military Training program would be in operation. He said that no really efficient reserve system can function and that injustices will continue to occur until UMT is activated by the Congress.

To make the best of a bad situation "while waiting for the Congress to accept the necessity for a program of UMT," Ridley recommended amending the bill to provide:

1—That any veteran of the Korean emergency be placed, at his option, in the standby reserve rather than in the ready reserve;

2—That male non-veterans having

reached the age of 26 enter the ready reserve for a period of eight years;

3—That requirements of the future reserve program be spelled out so far as possible in the law itself, leaving a minimum to administrative control and regulations.

Stressing the need for spelling out the program, Ridley said, "this is par-

ticularly essential in matters dealing with promotions, distribution of grades, equality of benefits while on active duty, responsibility of service, and no discrimination between regulars and reservists of any rank." Insistence upon fair treatment in these matters, he said, is the responsibility of the Congress.

The American Legion Security Training Chairman was the first witness heard by the Senate group. The subcommittee is comprised of Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, Chairman, and Senators Harry P. Cain of Washington, and Lester C. Hunt of Wyoming.

## Legion Spokesmen Oppose Hoover Committee Bills In Hearings Before House Vet Group

Legislation sponsored by the Citizens' Committee proposing a new insurance corporation within the Veterans' Administration was attacked by The American Legion in hearings before the House Veterans' Affairs Committee on June 3 as a wasteful and costly departure from good business practice. Past National Commander Milo J. Warner, Toledo, Ohio, Chairman of the Legion's Insurance Advisory Board, voiced the

criticism in opposing the identical bills, H. R. 3317 and H. R. 3677.

On the same day John Thomas Taylor, Legislative Consultant of the Legion, with Past National Commander Paul H. Griffith, Pennsylvania, made a vigorous denunciation of a Citizens' Committee plan for the partial reorganization of the Veterans Administration before the same Veterans' Affairs Committee of the House. The plan as contained in two bills, H. R. 3316 and H. R. 3686, was characterized by both Legion spokesmen as an "unnecessary" and "futile" proposal which would have the effect of "causing dispersal or dissemination of veterans' programs, and eliminate the historic policy of this Government of administering services and benefits through a single agency.

### PRESIDENT QUIRINO GETS MEDAL FROM MANILA POST



In a colorful ceremony held in Malacan Palace social hall on May 6, Commander Andrew R. McKelvie (right) presented a Gold Medal of Honor and a citation to President Elpidio Quirino of the Philippines Republic. The medal and citation was awarded the President by Manila Post No. 1, The American Legion, in "recognition of his great contribution to the cause of Justice, Freedom and Democracy and to the effective defense of the free institutions in the Philippines, in the Western Pacific, and in the rest of Asia." The ceremony was witnessed by high officials of the United States in Manila, and Philippine Armed Forces.

### Insurance Corporation

In presenting the opposition of the Legion to the proposal to set up an insurance corporation Past National Commander Warner told the Congressmen that "there is no need for a veterans' insurance corporation, the integrated agency (VA) can certainly operate more efficiently and more economically than could a corporation set up within the VA which would require a complete organization independent of all other VA services."

He pointed out that the bills make no provision for the continued conduct of WWI war risk and other insurance business now handled by the VA. Responsibility under the proposed creation, he said, would be shared by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs and four other directors of the corporation.

Chairman Warner also noted that the Veterans Preference Act of 1944 is not mentioned in the bills, and that the corporation could "select and employ officers, attorney, agents and employees without regard to Civil Service provisions." Asserting that the Legion objects "most vigorously" to any weakening of the Veterans Preference Act, he said "this would mean placing a group



of non-Civil Service employees in an agency where appointments regularly are subject to the merit system."

Under the proposed bills, Chairman Warner told the Committee, "it would be necessary for the corporation to establish means of obtaining legal, medical, budget, finance, personnel, administrative and investigative services"—all of which are now performed by other parts of the VA. He warned of heavy additional expense, and called attention to the fact that the Hoover Report did not recommend the creation of a corporation as proposed in the bills.

### Dismemberment of VA

In their testimony before the House Committee, Consultant Taylor and Past National Commander Griffith pinpointed five separate counts in condemning the proposed measures which would scatter the present functions of the VA over a number of agencies.

1. No need of Congress to spell out administrative patterns. 2. The bills are inadequate in that they cover only certain functions of the VA, omitting hospital construction, home loan guaranty and contact service. 3. Provision for "freezing" for two years the administrative organization proposed in the plan would preclude correction of any deficiencies, and bring on adverse consequences in handling veterans' affairs.

4. It would be wasteful and confusing for the Administrator to initiate an independent survey while such a survey has been under way for the past 15 months. 5. Dispersal of VA functions over several agencies to the disadvantage of both the Government and the veterans.

Both Taylor and Griffith made it clear that The American Legion is by no means fully satisfied with the entire work of the VA. They told the Committee that the Legion, through its thousands of service workers, consistently pointed out deficiencies in the agency's procedures and organization, many of which have been removed. The responsibility for such action must remain with the agency itself, the Legion officials insisted.

At the same time, the Legion spokesmen cited a number of administrative changes advocated by The American Legion at the present time. Among these were decentralization to Regional Offices and hospitals, and reduction in the number of administrative and supervisory positions in the VA.

These changes and others for which need is established "can and should be accomplished administratively under the authority already granted the Administrator by Congress," the Legion representatives declared.

### Watch Your Insurance Dates

Attention, vets of WW2: If you are carrying GI term insurance be sure to *renew* it, or change it to one of the permanent plans before the term expires. Your insurance will be *gone for good* unless you renew or convert before your term insurance expires.

# Shreveport Post Tops 6,000 Goal in Member Drive; Tight Campaign Plan Sets New High

By F. E. SHEPHERD

Editor, Shreveport Legionnaire

Lowe-McFarlane Post No. 14, Shreveport, Louisiana, has exceeded its 6,000 goal for 1952 membership. That's not only a new high membership record, but it gives the Louisiana unit standing as the fourth largest in the entire Legion organization. Now it ranks only behind Omaha (Nebraska) No. 1; Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham No. 1, Denver (Colorado) and Memphis (Tennessee) No. 1.

Setting this new membership record was not accidental. It was the result of the most concentrated and most efficiently organized membership drive in the history of the Post. In establishing the new record, Lowe-McFarlane Post exceeded its official 1952 quota by 1,246 and its own November 11 goal by 1,949.

A few days after Department Vice Commander Henry B. Clay was named as Post Membership Chairman he announced to a skeptical membership that Lowe-McFarlane would secure its quota in "40 days and 40 nights" beginning on October 1. Under his forceful leadership the membership slogan "5,052 for '52" became more than just words and numbers—it became the slogan of each Post member.

Setting the pace for other Legion outfits in the Department, Lowe-McFarlane stuck to its "40 days and 40 nights" schedule and on November 12 (the 11th was on Sunday) a new all-time Post record of 5,315 members had been enrolled. But still Chairman Clay wasn't satisfied. He announced that the Post would shoot at a goal of 6,000 members for 1952. Once before this had been tried, but without success. The campaign began anew and slowly as the days rolled by the membership rose until it hit 6,000—and then 6,001 on May 27.

Chairman Clay's formula for a successful membership campaign is com-

posed of work, determination to succeed, proper coordination of activities, a carefully planned publicity program and willing manpower. The results of this formula were so astounding that other Louisiana Posts have adopted it.

The membership army consisted of veterans and rookies, divided into four regiments with a "Colonel" heading each unit. Under these Colonels were 16 Majors, who in turn supervised the activities of 64 Captains and their 320 Privates. To top off this array, Chairman Clay used eight "free lancers" as shock troops.

However, it remained for a real Air Force Corporal to best the synthetic officers and privates in the membership drive. For the third consecutive year Corporal Millard Wyman, now stationed at Barksdale Air Force Base, near Shreveport, collected the most dues—for a total of 293. In 1951 his 611 placed him among the top membership-getters in the country. In 1950 he brought in 511, but this year his total dropped since he could work only at nights and on free week-ends. Eight members secured more than 100 memberships, 175 more than 10, and 72 more than 5 each.

The previous Post high membership enrollment was 5,017 in 1950. The present Post Commander, W. C. Rasberry, headed the drive that year with Travis A. White as Commander. The Post membership dropped a few hundreds in 1951, when the total enrollment was 4,755.

## KOREA HERO CITATIONS READY FOR POST AWARD

The National Emblem Sales Division at National Headquarters, Indianapolis, has announced that The American Legion Gold and Silver Star Citations, similar to those issued during WW2, have been made available for Post awards to the families of heroes of the Korean conflict. The Gold Star Citation is prepared for presentation to the next of kin of members of the Armed Forces who have lost their lives. The name of the service man or woman, name, number and location of Post and Department is engrossed by hand at National Headquarters on all Gold Star Citations.

These citations are also signed by the National Commander and National Adjutant, with space provided for the signatures of the Post Commander and Post Adjutant. The citation is available, complete with special engrossing and delivery charges, at 50 cents each.

The Silver Star Citation, to be awarded to the families of those who suffer battle wounds or disabilities in Korea, provides space for the signatures of the Commander and Adjutant of the Post making the presentation. The Silver Star Citation is available to Posts, in blank form, at 25 cents each, delivered.

## REGISTER EARLY AND GET GRANDSTAND SEATS FREE

Here it is—8,000 reserved seats for the big Convention parade and 8,000 free tickets for the Drum and Bugle Corps Contest finals, and all for free. The first 8,000 advance registrants for the 34th National Convention received at the New York Convention Headquarters will be given these free tickets as a bonus. The registration fee is \$3, which includes packet containing the Convention badge, program book, and tickets to various events. Make checks payable to American Legion 1952 National Convention Corporation and send to the headquarters at 500 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York. Registration forms have been furnished to all Department Headquarters.



## ADMEN'S POST AT WORK ON JUST-ONE-BREAK CAMPAIGN

Advertising Men's Post No. 209, New York City, has launched an intensive campaign in behalf of the J.O.B. (Just-One-Break) Inc. wing to broaden employment opportunities for disabled veterans in the advertising field and its related arts and trade. Under the leadership of Commander Julius Joseph, Jr., the Post's 700 members are contacting every employer in the metropolitan area which maintains lists of highly skilled men in various arts and trades who have overcome such handicaps as paraplegia and amputations.

Results are already shown, and the full success of the program will be developed as the field becomes more thoroughly covered. Other Legion Posts have become interested and have asked Commander Joseph and Legion workers to explain the plan so as to apply to other fields.

Rehabilitation of the physically handicapped has been a major project in the annual programs of Admen's Post since it was organized in 1921. Since the end of WW2 the Post has spearheaded campaigns for ever-widening occupational therapy facilities in all veterans hospitals. It has also contributed thousands of dollars worth of shop equipment to the hospitals in the New York metropolitan area to expedite the training of the handicapped in the operation of metal, plastics, leather and wood machinery.

### Waiting for An Invitation

With a veteran population of more than 19,000,000—and with an enrolled Legion membership hovering around the 3,000,000 mark there must be a lot of eligible veterans of the three wars just waiting for an invitation to join. Your next door neighbor may be one of them—membership enrollment does not just come. The veteran must be invited, and sometimes re-invited. There is no substitute for the personal contact.

As a means of stimulating enrollment among those who are half-persuaded, or who are waiting for an invitation, the Membership and Post Activities Committee has issued an attractive brochure "This is Your Right." Copies can be had by addressing that division at National Headquarters, Indianapolis. Use them. Place them in the hands of eligible veterans—men and women whom you would like to see in your Post—then follow up a few days later.

### Stamps for Hospitals

Olney Post No. 388, 5409-11 North 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is making its annual appeal to its members and others to save the stamps that are received in their daily mails, and turn them over to the Post "Stamps For Wounded" Committee. Last year the Post serviced four hospitals with a total of 45,500 stamps, and in addition gave 5,300 stamps to shut-in children. T. H. Stolp is Chairman of the Committee.

## MANY LEGION POSTS ARE GETTING NEW BUILDINGS

New Legion homes and club houses are being built in various areas over the country—some old buildings are being remodeled to meet growing membership and expanded activities. Reported within the past month are building projects carried on by several Posts:

Palm Beach (Florida) Post No. 12 has a \$50,000 club house under way, which will have an auditorium with seating capacity of 500. Dwight Coles Post No. 370, Overland Park, Kansas, plans to erect a \$50,000 home to replace the building used for several years, which the active outfit has outgrown. Abraham Lincoln Post No. 305, Cole Camp, Missouri, has just completed a \$20,000 home.

William G. Carroll Post No. 26, Minot, North Dakota, has dedicated its new home, after a long struggle to obtain a place of its own. The Post acquired a newspaper building and remodeled it to meet requirements of the Legion unit.

National Commander Donald R. Wilson formally dedicated the new \$150,000 club home of John C. Peterson Post No. 49, Warsaw, Indiana, on May 24. The event was also celebrated as a homecoming for Department Commander Gilbert Bates, a member of the Post.

## GIVE MORE BLOOD IS PLEA OF 4 AMPUTEE KOREA VETS



Four men lined up in the railway passenger station at Nashville, Tennessee. Four men just back from Korea, each minus his left leg, fresh from the horrors of an unacknowledged war—men of mixed races, but comrades in a common suffering and devotedly helpful to each other. The Nashville *Banner* sent a reporter to get a story—their price was "Give more blood for Korea." They were emphatic in their belief that each one owes his life to blood transfusions when wounded and during subsequent operations. Above, left to right, are Pvt. Jimmy Blecksher, Tampa, Florida; S/Sgt. James F. Miller, Andalusia, Alabama; Cpl. Franklin R. D. Hill, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, (who says he's 19, but does not look a day over 16), and Pfc. Cornell Mason, Montgomery, Alabama. See comment in Editor's Corner, page 6.

## TENNESSEE DEDICATES NEW LEGION MEMORIAL BRIDGE

An American Legion Memorial bridge spanning South Holston Lake, near Bristol, Tennessee, was officially dedicated with impressive ceremonies on May 11. The dedication was sponsored jointly by Heckler-Wood Post No. 145 of Bristol and the State of Tennessee, with National Vice Commander Audley H. Ward as the principal speaker, and with Department Commander Bert B. Barnes, Jr., and other Tennessee Legion Department officials participating.

The bridge has been voted by the American Society of Engineers as one of five of the most beautiful bridges built in America last year. And as it will serve on a main traveled highway, the bridge will be seen and used by many thousands each month.

Dedicated as a memorial to The American Legion, a bronze plaque on the bridge reads: "American Legion Memorial Bridge in memory of those patriots of all wars who made the supreme sacrifice in service of their country. Dedicated May 11, 1952, by the State of Tennessee and Hackler-Wood Post No. 145, The American Legion, Bristol, Tennessee."

### The Andrews Raiders

One of the most adventurous exploits of the Civil War—uh, War Between the States—was the Andrews Raid in Georgia, and the stolen locomotive. Ten years ago some Legionnaires at McComb, Ohio, initiated a search for the burial places of the 14 survivors, and have succeeded in locating all but two—Daniel A. Dorsey and John Wollam. The leader, Andrews, and the 7 Union soldiers who were hanged are buried beside their monument in Chattanooga National Cemetery. Information about burial places of Dorsey and Wollam will be welcomed by Parlee C. Grose, McComb, Ohio, who is a Past Historian of Mulford-Butler Post No. 511, McComb.

### Post Membership-Getters

Fred L. Beale, 3rd District Commander, Newmarket, New Hampshire, reports that Robert G. Durgin Post, Newmarket, has four members who have enrolled 293 of the Post's 329 membership. Robert Ferland, 130; Commander Beale, 68; George Carmichael, 55, and John Twardus, 40.

### Snug Harbor Flooded

Snug Harbor, the half-million dollar home of Davenport (Iowa) Post No. 26, which is located but a few hundred feet from the Mississippi River, was badly flooded in the April "freshet." The Post spent some \$1,600 for sandbags, pumps, gasoline and other equipment to fight the wall of water; volunteers sandbagged the place and for 14 days the pumps drew out 30,000 gallons an hour. The fine interior was saved from extensive damage, says Commander W. E. J. Purvis.



# Heart Attack in Plane Takes John D. Ewing

John D. Ewing, 60, Shreveport, Louisiana, a Legion Founder and editor and publisher of the *Shreveport Times*, died of a sudden heart attack aboard his private plane on Saturday, May 17. His death occurred above Ruston, 60 miles west of Shreveport, while enroute from Pass Christian, Mississippi, to his home.

Nationally known figure in journalism, in radio, in aviation, and in The American Legion, but few Legionnaires had a wider acquaintance than John Ewing or whose passing will be more sincerely mourned. After a distinguished service in the first World War as Captain of Company H, 128th Infantry, 32nd Division, he was invalided home for wounds and illness in February, 1919. He was awarded the French Croix de Guerre for bravery in action at Juvigny, France, September 1, 1918; the Purple Heart, and was cited for the Distinguished Service Cross by Colonel Robert McCoy, Regimental Commander.

## At St. Louis Caucus

Legionnaire Ewing left France at about the time the movement to organize a veterans organization was set on foot. He was intensely interested in the movement and on return to his Louisiana home joined in the effort. He was a member of the Louisiana delegation selected to attend the historic St. Louis Caucus, May 8-10, 1919, when the organization of the Legion, begun in Paris, France, on March 15-17, was completed. Already a commanding figure in the newspaper field in his home State, he wielded a powerful influence in welding the just-retained veterans of Louisiana into a strong organization. His interest in the Legion and in veteran affairs never flagged—and he was one of the few Legion leaders who had the distinction of being sent by his Department as a delegate to every National Convention of the organization. At the time of his death, and since 1945, he was serving as a member of the vitally important National Finance Commission, and had attended the meeting of this Commission at National Headquarters in early May.

His Legion record was as distinguished as his civil and military service. One of the founders of Lowe-McFarlane Post No. 14, Shreveport, and always active in its affairs, he made a very substantial contribution to the Post's membership record in 1952—when it reached its goal of 6,000 at just about the time of his death. He was Louisiana's Alternate National Committeeman in 1920-21; and Department Commander of Louisiana in 1921-22.

Perhaps his most important work was in the development of *The American Legion Magazine*, with which he was associated as a member of the Board of Directors and Legion Publications Commission from 1923 until 1937. He helped to guide the publication through the early days as *The American Legion*



JOHN D. EWING

*Weekly* to its establishment as a national monthly magazine. Other important national assignments were as member of the National Coordinating Committee, 1939-41, and Special National Security Committee, 1945-46.

A graduate of the Virginia Military Institute in 1913, Legionnaire Ewing entered newspaper work immediately after leaving college with the *New Orleans States*, published by his father, Colonel Robert Ewing. In 1915 he transferred to the *Shreveport Times*, with which, except for service in the first World War, he was associated until his death. He was also president of the Monroe (Louisiana) News-Star-World Publishing Company, publishers of the *Monroe News-Star* and *Morning World*; and president of the companies holding Radio Stations KWKH at Shreveport, and KTHS at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and in other enterprises.

He was married to Miss Helen Hamilton Gray of Shreveport in 1919, who died on October 12, 1950. He is survived by two children, Mrs. Henry B. Clay, of Shreveport; a son, John Dunbrack Ewing, Jr., now a student at Louisiana Polytechnic Institute, Ruston, Louisiana, and by two grandchildren, Helen Hamilton Clay and Virginia Clay.

## LOUISIANA SET TO LEAD BIG CONVENTION PARADE

Louisiana Legionnaires have won the coveted first place in the big parade at the 34th National Convention in New York. When the march up Fifth Avenue starts on the morning of August 26th, it will be led by the Pelican State Legionnaires—and they also won first choice in convention hall seating reservations.

These top positions were won by membership effort. Louisiana enrolled 44,741 members for 1952 by May 1, or 102.84 percent of their average membership during the past four years. North Dakota placed second, and Wyoming had third place.

## VET FARMER OF THE YEAR NAMED BY NEW JERSEY POST

The title of Outstanding Veteran Farmer of the Year is a new citation instituted by Legionnaires of Gloucester County, New Jersey. John S. Basara, of Williamstown, is the first recipient of the award and the trophy that goes with the citation.

Basara and his wife, Inga, also a veteran, transformed a mediocre poultry farm with a capacity of 800 layers into a modern plant with 3,600 layer capacity. Runners-up for the citation had, like Basara, established themselves on farms chiefly on their own initiative, utilizing opportunities to achieve independence afforded by the GI Bill.

The award was based chiefly on three factors: Farm management; interest in extension meetings and practicing advanced farming methods, and community interest and activity.

The Gloucester County Legion formed a County Agricultural Committee and established the award in 1951. The group had in mind that in such populous areas as New Jersey farm veterans may be unaware of the Legion's farm veteran program and may feel that the Legion is strictly a town or city organization.

## Post Has Five '98 Vets

Franklin Post No. 1, Columbus, Ohio, thinks the five Spanish-American-World War I vets in its membership is something of a record. Of the five, three are Past Post Commanders—and Franklin Post recently paid honor to these dual-war vets, as well as the other Spanish-American War veterans in the area. Legionnaire Boots Carrothers wants to know if any Post can show more than five Spanish-American-WWI veterans.

## Fed. Employees to Keep Open House

Arrangements have been made by the Committee of Federal Employees Posts of the Legion in New York City to keep open house at the Hotel New Yorker for all U. S. Civil Service employees in attendance at the National Convention, August 24-28. The Committee represents 18 American Legion Posts in the New York area whose membership is comprised wholly or in greater part of Civil Service employees. Legionnaires who may wish to contact the Committee may do so by writing Harold Woodhams, Secretary, 247 Cumberland St., Brooklyn 5, New York.

## Blood Donor Record

A new blood donor record in the Triple Cities (Binghamton, Endicott and Johnson City, New York) of 178 pints in six hours was established in the "Yanks in Korea" blood drive sponsored by Frank A. Johnson Post No. 758, Johnson City. The collection topped previous one-day drives by 37 pints. The campaign was directed by Chairman Boyd Bush.



# Anti-Red Books To Be Placed in Libraries; Memorial to Servicemen Who Died in Korea

National Commander Donald R. Wilson, on Memorial Day, launched an American Legion memorial project in which fighting books will serve as living memorials to fighting men who were killed in Korea while combatting communism. Under the plan as outlined, Posts of The American Legion may commemorate the heroism of their hometown servicemen—and continue the fight for which he died—by donating books exposing the evils of communism to their community, public or school libraries.

Each such gift book will carry a Memorial Book Plate, engraved in blue and gold, and carrying the name of the fallen hero as well as that of the donor. The inscription of the book plate reads:

"In memory of (name of serviceman) who made the supreme sacrifice fighting communism in Korea that all men may continue to enjoy the blessings of freedom."

The gift books would be selected from a list recommended by the National Americanism Commission. This list was reprinted from the *Congressional Record* at Legion expense. It will be sent, with instructions as to program, to all Post Commanders and interested individuals.

"We intend that this program shall serve both as a memorial to these dead heroes and as a continuation of their work of fighting communism" said Commander Wilson. "For us there is no difference between the enemy red soldier of Korea and the communist in this country. These memorial books will, we hope, point out to Americans the danger of expanding communism. We think this public service will stand as a living memorial to the heroism of our Korean dead."

The list of communism-fighting books from which the memorials are to be selected for gift to public and school libraries, will include four sections.

1. Basic Reading—12 titles, including "Witness" by Whittaker Chambers, and "1984" by George Orwell.



Vividly portraying the physical and spiritual strength of The American Legion, the new "For God and Country" poster has proved to be one of the most popular and appealing designs ever issued by the organization. Distribution has been made to all Posts, Units and Voitures, resulting in a demand for prints for display in public places—more than 85,000 "God and Country" are already on display. More posters have been made available—in large size, 20 x 26, and in full 8 colors—for non-profit sale to all who are interested. Units of 10 of these posters will be delivered to you for only \$1.25. It has had a powerful influence in the "Back to God," membership, Operation Victory and other current programs and projects of the Legion. It should be placed in every public place and in every schoolroom. Use the handy order blank below:

To: OPERATION VICTORY, The American Legion  
1608 K Street N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Enclosed find check or money order in the amount of \$.....for which send.....unit(s) of Operation Victory poster "For God and Country." Unit price is \$1.25 and the unit consists of 10 posters.

Name .....

Address .....

2. Studies of World Communism:—41 titles covering red seizures of power in Europe and Asia.

3. Soviet Espionage, Mass Terror and Murders—16 titles.

4. Soviet Slave Labor Camps—35 titles.

Books included on the selected list are obtainable, with the Memorial Book Plate affixed, from the Emblem Sales Division, at National Headquarters, The

American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

National Commander Wilson stressed that there will be no solicitation of funds for this Memorial Book Plan by The American Legion or its officers. Expenses for the program at the Post level will be borne by Post funds or voluntary contributions.

## LEGION POSTS PROMOTING "BACK TO GOD" PROGRAM

New laurels for community services are being won by thousands of Legion Posts in actively promoting the "Back to God" movement inaugurated by the Department Chaplains in a national conference held in March. The support takes many forms, adapted to the community served. Here are four outstanding examples.

Every Saturday Summers-Whitehead Post No. 14 places cards in every room in the six largest hotels in Chattanooga, Tennessee, urging guests to attend the church of their choice. In addition, the Post under direction of a special Committee headed by Sam Morris has distributed 40,000 copies of a challenging letter entitled "The Greatest Childhood Tragedy," reminding parents of their responsibility to provide religious training for their children.

Erie County (New York) Legion Organization, under County Commander William J. Regan, has placed more than 50 full-sized billboards along arterial highways and other locations in the Buffalo, New York, area.

Fairmont (West Virginia) Post No. 17 has a design on each of its official envelopes, bearing a slogan: "No Child has a chance who has not been taught to pray and love God." In the lower corner of the envelope is the reminder: "The family that prays together, stays together."

Dover (New Hampshire) Post No. 8 has placed the Legion's "Go To Church" and religious posters in windows throughout its community. Post Commander Robert E. St. Cyr reports that each Post officer dug down in his own pocket to add one dozen posters each to the distribution.

## POST TAPES 147 BICYCLES IN SAFE RIDING PROGRAM

Reducing the worry of mothers was the concern of members of Broad Channel (New York) Post No. 1404 and Queens County Voiture No. 56, when a volunteer group met on May 11 to apply Scotchlight tape to bicycles of youngsters of Broad Channel and the nearby Rockaways. Although impeded by rain, 147 youngsters brought their bikes in for the treatment. Commander Richard Sandman and Chairman Earl Brennan were pleased with the result of the initial taping day.

The safety tape is applied to handlebars, front forks and rear fenders of bikes. It reflects the headlights of automobiles and thus makes cycling at night much safer.



A "Blood for the Armed Forces" drive in Lake County, Illinois, sparked by 10th District Commander C. H. Whiteleather, Sr., and Chairman Clarence Warnecke brought a near-record take of 628 pints of blood on April 19. Of 1,226 persons pledged, 759 appeared at the blood-taking center at Waukegan; 133 were rejected for physical reasons. All Lake County Posts participated. . . . Legionnaire Abe Miller, 87 years old, member of Hobbs-Ogle-Powers Post No. 41, Clinton, Oklahoma, is believed to be Oklahoma's oldest Legionnaire. . . . Memphis (Tennessee) Post No. 1 lays claim to having enrolled the youngest Legionnaire in 1952—John Sossaman, aged 16, and veteran of two hitches in the service, but discharged because of age. Now back as a high school student, he's waiting for his 17th birthday so that he can legally get into uniform.

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A memorial stone has been placed at the grave of the late Assistant National Adjutant Leonce Legendre in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington. The memorial was made possible by contributions of more than 300 of his Legion friends, most of them in the Washington area with whom Legionnaire Legendre had been associated for some years. . . . Lieutenant Colonel Jesse M. McClellan, Department Commander of Georgia in 1930-31, now back in service in Korea, has been awarded the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action against guerrillas in the vicinity of Osuri, Korea, on November 5, 1951. Colonel McClellan has commanded the 3rd Transportation Military Railway Service in Korea since August, 1950. . . . Darius-Girenas Post No. 271, Chicago, Illinois, paid tribute to Edward "Moose" Krause, Director of Athletics at the University of Notre Dame, on the evening of April 14. A Legionnaire and member of the Post, Krause was presented a Certificate of Distinguished Service by Commander John L. Paukstis in recognition of his services to the Post.

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Sidney Lovejoy Post No. 256, New Underwood, South Dakota, produced its fourth annual South Dakota Championship High School Rodeo at the Rapid City fairgrounds on June 7 and 8. Purpose is to encourage horsemanship among young people of high school age. . . . Legionnaire Harry Cook, member of General Gorgas Post No. 1, Birmingham, Alabama, works behind the iron curtain—he's stationed in Moscow, Russia—but finds time to interest himself in Legion work. He worked with CARE in distribution of the Legion Tide of Toys in 1950. . . . Colonel Abraham Rosenblum, Past Commander of Lexington Post No. 8, New York City, and Past Department Judge Advocate of the New York Legion, has been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service with the X Corps

in Korea. Other decorations held by Colonel Rosenblum are the Legion of Merit, French Croix de Guerre with Palm, and Belgian Croix Militaire, First Class.

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Attleboro (Massachusetts) Post No. 20 has three generations of the Johnson family on its membership rolls: James Johnson, 82, veteran of the Mexican Border occupation and WW1; his son, Past Commander Lawrence Johnson, WW2 and the Korean "police action," and his son, Russell Johnson, WW2. . . . Jefferson Post No. 15, Louisville, Kentucky, has organized a Boy Scout Troop from a neglected area of the city—16 lads selected for the initial investiture out of 200 applicants. William Peake, Jr., is the Scoutmaster. . . . Somewhat belatedly, Legionnaire Jack H. Henry, Rocky Mount, North Carolina, received the Silver Star Medal at a regular meeting of Coleman-Pitt Post No. 58. A Marine veteran, the award was made for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action against our enemy on Pelelieu, September 14, 1944." The medal was presented by Colonel R. D. Moser, USMC.

## HAWAII POST SENDS FLAG BACK TO ARIZONA LEGION



The only American flag salvaged from the USS *Arizona* sunk in the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, has been given into the custody of the American Legion, Department of Arizona. The Flag, which has been in the custody of Honolulu (Hawaii) Post No. 1, was presented on May 6 to Dr. Dewerd H. Reed, Portales, New Mexico, (right, above) Alternate National Executive Committeeman for that Department, in a ceremony aboard the hulk of the *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor. The presentation was made by Fred W. Carter, Jr., (left) Commander of Honolulu Post No. 1. Dr. Reed will deliver the historic relic to the Department of Arizona for permanent custody.

. . . Schuyler Post No. 4, Rushville, Illinois, presented a life membership to Legionnaire Grover C. Walker in recognition of 30 years of devoted and faithful service to the Post.

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One of the most enterprising blood campaigns undertaken by a Legion Post was that of Business and Professional Men's Post No. 699, Laredo, Texas, when it organized and led a "Laredo Blood Caravan" of 351 citizens of Laredo, Texas, and its neighbor across the Rio Grande, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. A few more than 300 were found fit to give blood, and over 300 pints were taken for the Armed Forces in Korea. Set on foot under the direction of Commander Charles E. Kopp, Sr., the real spark-plug of the campaign and caravan was Miss Edna Tarver, an ex-WAC and the only woman member of the Post, who served as Chairman and general organizer. Under her supervision the project assumed city-wide proportions; Mayor Hugh S. Cluck gave approval by releasing all city employees who wanted to make the trip; business houses released their employees for the day, and transportation was provided. The caravan covered a 300 mile round trip.

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Costa Mesa (California) Post No. 455 and its Auxiliary Unit, cooperating with health organizations, participated in a 22-day survey of its area to determine incidence of tuberculosis and diabetes. The Post home was used as a meeting place and the kitchen was turned into a laboratory. During the period 4,164 X-ray and 3,547 blood tests were taken. . . . The 1950 Junior Baseball team sponsored by North Hollywood (California) Post No. 307 has an unusual record—maybe one that cannot be beaten by any other one team. Six of its members have been signed up by the major leagues, and two more are expected to sign when they get out of high school. Team members signed are Bill Wells, catcher, Boston Braves; Gibby McGlothlin, pitcher, Chicago White Sox; Bert Convy, first base, Philadelphia Phillies; Hal Thompson, second base, Brooklyn Dodgers; Dale Johnston, short stop, Philadelphia Phillies; Richard Morse, third base, Boston Braves. The two others ready to sign are Paul Arndt, outfield, and Ralph Mauriello, pitcher. Bill Heath, North Hollywood Ford dealer, has contributed an average of \$600 per year for the past eight years to building up the Junior Baseball team, and has made provision to continue the backing for at least 10 years, says Bill Wheat, manager.

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Lakeside (Virginia) Post No. 125 has developed a new service to furnish volunteer members to escort wheelchair patients at McGuire VA Hospital to chapel services on Sundays. Legionnaire W. B. Davis, Sr., reports that the Volunteer Hospital Workers have increased chapel attendance of this type of patients by 15 or 20 each Sunday.



## OUTFIT REUNIONS

5th Army - Reunion - Pilgrimage to North Africa and Italy, Sept. 12-Oct. 19. Information from Gen. Chas. E. Saltzman, 38 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

2nd (Indian Head) Div. Assn.-31st reunion, San Antonio, Texas, July 24-26. Contact Robert C. Barr, National President, 116 N. 3rd St., Camden 2, N. J.

9th Infantry Div. Assn.-7th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., July 24-26; Hotel Statler. Details from Charles O. Tingley, Secy-Treas., P. O. Box 1704, Washington 13, D. C.

10th (Tiger) Armored Div. Vet. Assn.-1st national convention, New York City, Aug. 30-Sept. 1; Park Sheraton Hotel. Reservations and information from J. Edwin Grace, 172 Larch Road, Cambridge 38, Mass.

16th Armored Div. Assn.-Annual reunion, New York City, Aug. 28-30, immediately following Legion National Convention. For information (reunion and membership in newly organized Association) write C. H. Noble, Secy-Treas., 828 Ivy Lane, San Antonio 9, Texas.

31st (Dixie) Div. Assn.- (Both WWs)-Annual reunion and open house, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1-3, during Illinois Dept. Legion Convention, Headquarters, Morrison Hotel; all DD vets invited. Write W. A. Anderson, Secy., 4913 N. Hermitage Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

37th (Buckeye) Div. Vet. Assn.-Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1; Deshler-Wallick Hotel. Make reservations with hotel direct; other info from Harold O. Roth, Secy., 1628 Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

42nd (Rainbow) Div. Vets.- (Both WWs)-34th annual reunion, Miami, Fla., July 12-14; Hotels McAllister and Columbus. Make room reservations direct; other details from James E. Barney, Reunion Chairman, P. O. Box 351-C, Kendall, Fla.

45th (Thunderbird) Infantry Div.-National reunion, New York City, Oct. 10-12; Hotel New Yorker. Info from Lee Kaplan, National President, 315 Plymouth St., West Hempstead, N. Y.

80th (Blue Ridge) Infantry Div. Assn. (Both WWs)-Reunion, York, Pa., July 31-Aug. 3; Yorktown Hotel. Details from Luther W. Smith, Chairman, York, Pa., or Harry F. Collette, Res. Secy., 302 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

91st (Wild West) Infantry Div.-34th annual reunion, Seattle, Wash., Saturday, Sept. 20; at 215 Columbia St. Info from Archie Walker, State Secy., Drawer 2219, Seattle 11, Wash.

95th (Victory) Infantry Div. Assn.-3rd annual convention, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Information from J. Gerard Sitter, Secy., P. O. Box 1274, Chicago 90, Ill.

106th (Golden Lion) Infantry Div. Assn.-6th annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., July 25-27. Contact John T. Loveless, Jr., Chairman, 2549 Pickwick Rd., Baltimore 7, Md.

1st Marine Division Assn.-Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., August 8-10; Mayflower Hotel. Includes personnel of 6th, 11th, 17th Special and 19th, 33rd, 73rd and 145th Naval Construction Bns., attached to 1st Marine Div., are eligible for membership. Information from Herbert McCallen, 655 East 14th St., New York 9, N. Y.

3rd (Marne) Division Society - National convention, Boston, Mass., July 10-12; headquarters Hotel Bradford.

88th (Blue Devils) Infantry Div. Assn.-5th annual convention, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 21-23; Hotel Sherman. Info from Joseph T. Hyde, V. Pres., 12 Fayette St., Cambridge 39, Mass.

30th (Old Hickory) Infantry Div. Assn.-6th annual convention, New York City, July 1-3; Hotel Roosevelt. Info from Jack Singer, 270 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

284th Field Artillery Bn.-Annual reunion, Vandalia, Ill., July 5, at Legion Home. Details from Ronni S. Polson, 1108 Leland Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

3414th Ordnance (WW2)-Reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 26; Sherry Hotel. Write Henry Johnson, 17611 Hermine, Tinley Park, Ill.

Co. C, 66th Signal Bn.-2nd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 2; LaSalle Hotel. Info from Howard Luetzow, 1847 Wisconsin Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

30th Infantry Assn., West Coast Reunion-Los Angeles, Aug. 10, at 1948 West 75th St. Info from H. H. Hammer, at reunion address.

3rd Signal Co., 3rd Infantry Div.-Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 30-31; Hotel Knickerbocker. Details from George H. Goldstone, 1926 National Bank Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich.

3rd Special Construction Bn.-Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 15-16; Contact Robert L. Heutmaker, 824 Holly Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

Co. K, 8th Infantry, 4th Div. (WW2)-1st reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., July 4-5; Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Info from Russell J. Fryers, 9536 Wisteria St., Philadelphia 15, or Adam Hartel, Box 481, Daisytown, Pa.

USS Hornet, CV 12-4th annual reunion, all hands, New York City, July 4-5; Park Sheraton Hotel. Info from USS Hornet CV 12 Club, Box 12, Brooklyn 35, N. Y.

Co. A, 115th Infantry, 29th Div.-Reunion, Frederick, Md., July 5; Hotel Frederick. Contact

Alton E. Shaff, 713 Motter Ave., Frederick, Md. WAC Reunion, Chicago-Annual WAC reunion (during Legion Department Convention), Chicago, Saturday, August 2, at Martins, 120 S. LaSalle St., 5:30 P.M. \$2.85 per plate. Reservations ten days in advance made with Ora Heldenberg, 3322 St. Paul St., Bellwood, Ill., or Veryl B. McGrew, 7502 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

Co. B, 540th Engineer Regt.-7th annual reunion, 15 Weber Court, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 4-5. Write Malcolm Kay, above address, or to W. C. Herron, 1328 W. 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio.

6th Traffic Regulating Group-7th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 5; Sheraton Hotel. Details from H. H. Rogers, Reunion Chairman, 5331 S. Cicero Ave., Chicago 32, Ill.

Co. F, 36th Engineers (C)-Reunion, New York City, July 5; Hotel Belmont Plaza. Contact Mike Myron, 487 Fairview Ave., Ridgewood 37, N. Y.

24th Evacuation Hospital-Annual reunion, Newark, N. J., July 11-12; Essex House. Contact Henry Lindstadt, Jr., 101-11 132nd St., Richmond Hill 18, N. Y.

1084th Engineers Util. Co.-Reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., July 5. Contact Kenneth Van Meter, 802 Main St., New Haven, Ind.

89th Chemical Mortar Bn. Assn.-6th annual reunion, New York City, July 4-6; Hotel Martinique. Details from Joe Lawler, 48-31 47th St., Woodside 77, N. Y.

Co. A, 644th Tank Destroyer Bn.-3rd annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 12-13; Hotel Fort Pitt. Info and details from Peter Suwak, Box 42, Wolfdale, Pa.

"F" Association (Firefighters, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard)-Annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, July 17-19; Bancroft Hotel. Information from A. D. Marsh, 1438 Maiden Lane, Springfield, Ohio.

Co. E, 5th Infantry, (1913-1918)-Reunion, New York City, July 15-20; headquarters Nest Restaurant, 16 W. 29th St., New York 1, N. Y. Details from Harry Rubin, Secy., above address.

286th Engineer Combat Bn.-Reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 26. Details from Mark M. Dietrich, 1286 Troy Ave., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

5th Infantry Regiment-Reunion, Fort Williams, Maine, July 27. Write William B. Gardner, Secy., P. O. Box 2161, South Portland, Me.

567th AAA & AW Bn.-Reunion, Roanoke, Va., July 31-Aug. 2; Hotel Roanoke. Info from Paul Pomper, President, 2408 S. Linden, Alliance, Ohio; S. W. Hollandsworth, Box 444, Bassett, Va., or Ralph E. Wade, 2223 Carolina Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

38th QM Co., 113th QM Regt., 38th Inf. Div. (WW2)-Annual reunion, Ludlow, Ky., Aug. 2; CAC Club. Details from Paul J. Hefele, Secy., 3439 Duncan Ave., Cincinnati 8, Ohio.

56th Pioneer Infantry, (WW1)-Reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 2-3. Contact S. D. Brodhecker, Secy., RFD 4, Lancaster, Pa.

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

APRIL 30, 1952

### ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit . . .	\$ 791,246.60
Receivables . . . . .	253,916.35
Inventories . . . . .	543,676.84
Invested Funds . . . . .	459,482.11
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund . . . . .	\$ 252,397.59
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund . . . . .	1,242,162.14
Real Estate, less depreciation . . .	909,739.48
Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation . . . . .	303,770.49
Deferred Charges . . . . .	90,824.90
	<u>\$4,847,216.50</u>

### LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities . . . . .	\$ 209,799.88
Funds restricted as to use . . . . .	135,194.01
Deferred Income . . . . .	1,296,431.18
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust . . . . .	\$ 252,397.59
Employees' Retirement Trust . . . . .	1,242,162.14
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund . . . . .	23,464.13
Restricted Fund . . . . .	17,939.98
Reserve for construction	
Wash. Office . . . . .	780,294.40
Real Estate . . . . .	80,000.00
	<u>901,698.51</u>
Unrestricted Capital:	
Excess of Income over Expense	
4 months . . . . .	809,533.19
	<u>\$4,847,216.50</u>

## MISSING IN KOREA

Naval Air Service-Lt. Charles Garrison, listed as missing May 18, 1951 near Hyon-ni; bailed out and landed on a little hill, injured; was there some hours, but helicopter could not reach him. No other word. Parents will be grateful to anyone who can tell them something about their son. Mr. and Mrs. George L. Garrison, Adrian, Mo.

728th Bomb Sqdrn., 452nd Bomb Group-Sgt. George J. Soto, Air Force gunner, reported missing on night intruder mission, July 1, 1951. Sister would like to contact service comrades; desperate for news. Please write, Mrs. Marian Rodriguez, 278 S. 9th St., Chino, Cal.

Co. E, 8th Cavalry Regt.-My son, Pfc. Ronald M. Zirbel, was reported missing in action at Hwaggan, Korea, July 31, 1950; no word about him to date. Will some of his service comrades give me some news about him and, if a prisoner, his present whereabouts. Mrs. Reinhard Zirbel, Route 1, Box 31, Burnett, Wis.

Co. D, 38th Infantry, 2nd Div.-Will anyone who knows facts concerning the disappearance of Sgt. 1st Lt. William J. Bryant, mortar observer attached to Co. A, same regiment, who was reported missing in Kunu-ri area, Nov. 28, 1950, please write his mother. Especially the radio man who was seen last with him. Mrs. A. D. Bryant, 116 E. Howard Ave., Decatur, Ga.

24th Division-Will men who knew Cpl. John Sablyar, reported missing in action since July 11, 1950, please write Julie Sablyar, PNB, FAETU-Lant, LP-3, NAS, Norfolk, Va.

82nd AAA, 2nd Division-Information is sought of the present whereabouts of Pfc. Warren O. Kendall, missing in action since Dec. 1, 1950, in vicinity of Kunu-ri. Please write his mother. Mrs. Mary Kendall, 33 Greeley St., Concord, N. H.

Co. C, Engineers Construction Bn., 3rd Infantry Div.-The parents of Pvt. Charles L. Abbott, reported missing in action July 20, 1950, at Taegon, would appreciate hearing from service comrades who would know anything about him, or from parents of boys who were with this company. Mr. and Mrs. Perry Abbott, Box 79, Two Harbors, Minn.

Co. B, 21st Infantry-Will anyone who knows about Pvt. Melvin T. Lane, missing in action near Osan, July 5, 1950, please write his father. Frank Lane, RR 1, Havana, Ill.

Hdqrs. Co., 3rd Bn., 29th Infantry Regt.-Will men who know anything about Pvt. Arthur J. Parmenter, killed in action July 31, 1950, please write his mother. Mrs. Mary E. Parmenter, 481 Forest St., Rockland, Mass.

Medical Co., 32nd Infantry Regt.-Parents of Pfc. Joseph H. Groth, missing in action since Dec. 2, 1950, will be grateful for any news concerning him. Will service comrades please write. Mr. and Mrs. John Roth, 44 Downing St., Hanover Green, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Co. L, 23rd Infantry Regt., 2nd Div.-Cpl. James E. Campbell, missing since Nov. 30, 1950, when he was sent out with a platoon to establish a road block near Kunu-ri. Will appreciate hearing from service comrades who know anything at all about him, also from parents of other boys missing with this platoon. Please write his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace J. Campbell, 100 Gilman St., Portland, Me.

Hdqrs. Co., 2nd Bn., 38th Infantry-Will appreciate any information concerning my brother, Sgt. Patrick J. Arthur, who has been missing since May 18, 1951, near Chik-Tong. Mrs. John O'Brien, Broken Bow, Nebr.

Co. L, 19th Infantry, 24th Div.-Will anyone who knows anything about Pvt. Kent W. Stinger, reported missing in action April 23, 1951, at Chipori, please write his mother. Mrs. A. Walter Stinger, 728 Central Ave., Ocean City, N. J.

Hdqrs. Co., 1st Bn., 5th Cavalry Regt.-My son, Dewey H. (Bert) Forbes was reported missing at Inchon Oct. 31, 1951, then reported killed in action. Will any of his service comrades please write; tell me what really happened at Inchon. John D. Forbes, Box 47, Wrightstown, N. J.

38th Infantry, 2nd Div.-Will anyone who knows about Sgt. Howard V. Campbell, or knows his present whereabouts, please write his father. V. C. Campbell, 488 Nassau Rd., Roosevelt, N. Y.

Co. I, 31st Infantry, 7th Div.-Is there a service friend of my son, James Calasanti, missing in action Dec. 3, 1950, who can tell his mother anything about him? Write, please, Mrs. J. Calasanti, 116 Beecher St., Syracuse, N. Y.

1st Cavalry Division (Co. B, Regt. not given)-Will service comrades please write anything they may know about my brother, Cpl. John C. Kerska, reported missing in action Nov. 5, 1951, in vicinity of Sagong. Mrs. Betty Boyd, Box 144, Browning, Ill.

Hdqrs. & Hdqrs. Co., 9th RCT-Will appreciate any word about my son, Sgt. Alva E. Catt, missing in action since Dec. 1, 1950. Ordered to break through a roadblock near Kunu-ri, he disappeared; no word from anyone, and his name is not on roll of prisoners. Please write. Frank J. Catt, P. O. Box 303, St. Francisville, Ill.

Co. K, 9th Infantry Regt.-Sgt. Gerald F. Scott was reported missing in action at Chown-ri, Feb. 12, 1951. Service comrades who know any-

(Continued on page 36)



## COMRADES IN DISTRESS

**H-S Co., 57th Engineers (C) Bn.**—Need to locate or secure addresses of men who served with me on Guadalcanal and Fiji Islands in 1943. Please write; service-connection claim pending. Johnnie Stavanoka, Box 273, Louise, Texas.

**USS John Sargent, John Sharp Williams, William W. Mayo, and Alcoa Scout**—Need to hear from shipmates on above ships, armed guard. Pension claim pending. Emanuel Lavorgna, 2040 S. Crowskey St., Philadelphia 45, Pa.

**Battery A, 425th CA (AA)**—Will anyone who remembers me in service in Jamaica and Puerto Rico, please write; particularly Capt. Robert F. Johnson, Pkts. Oswald, Elmer Evans and Paul Mead. Former cook needs help to establish claim. John E. Rice, Spring Creek Rd., Algonquin, Ill.

**Co. C, 357th Inf., 90th Div.**—Will Stanley Green, or anyone who knows his present address, please write. Urgently need statement for claim. George Fox, 16678 Star Rt., Shady Spring, W. Va.

**Hdqrs. Battery, 553rd FA Bn., (Fort Bragg, France and Germany)**—Need to hear from Capt. Pyle, 1st Sgt., Supply Sgt., and others of outfit who remember me in service in 1944-45. Claim pending. Earl Wittmuss, Dorchester, Neb.

**132nd Infantry, 33rd Div.**—I was wounded in Bois de Fay in Oct., 1918, while serving as Cpl., 3rd Sec., Trench Mortar Platoon. Urgently need to locate men who witnessed the incident when a man was hit. I crawled over to help him when another shell burst killed him and wounded me. Need statements. Please write. James J. McCarthy, 1522 So. Home Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

**USS Humphreys (DD236), and Naval Air Station Dispensary, Kodiak Island, Alaska**—Will anyone who knows present address of Chief Pharmacists Mate Costa, on duty May and June, 1942, please write. Also need to contact Lt. Comdr. Funk, USN MC, or Dr. Chambers, on duty Naval Air Sta. Dispensary in June, 1942. Statements needed. H. E. McAllister, 194 Fairlawn Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

**14th Evacuation Hospital Motor Pool**—Will anyone who knows present address of Pfc. Grant, with outfit until deactivated, please write. Statement needed. Mrs. A. R. Fischer, Box 909, Dickinson, N. Dak.

**307th A. D. Sdtn.**—Will anyone who knows present address of Victor Solki, formerly of Orr, Minn., last heard of at Stockton, Cal., please write. Settlement of estate. Vera Pellikka, Orr, Minn.

**Hdqrs. AAA, 227th Searchlight Bn. (WW2)**—Will anyone who knows of service of my late son, William David Copeland, (Bill), please write; particularly if he was in air raids or under shelling. Need statements to establish pension claim. Mrs. Allene Copeland, 108 Royal St., Martin, Tenn.

**Sea Isle Hotel, Miami Beach, Fla.**—Need to hear from Paul Dilkewicz, Willard Erickson, Ernest Dole or anyone who knows of my fall on drill field in Nov., 1942. Need statements. Charles A. Eroh, 110 S. Laurel St., Hazleton, Pa.

**Co. B, 271st Combat Engineers**—Will anyone who remembers eye injury suffered by me in Germany in 1945 please write. Statements needed. Olive F. Koch, Jr., Rt. 1, Centerville, Miss.

**LST 658**—Will Capt. Vanderlinden, Lt. Sanborn, the Chief Pharmacist Mate, or other shipmates in the Pacific, Leyte, Treasure Island, New Georgia, who know of my neuritic condition, please write. Thomas R. Cox Cote, Lowell Rd., Hudson, N. H.

**Co. C, 398th Engineers**—Need to locate Capt. Grunau and 1st Sgt. Klasun, or others who remember me in service in 1944-45. Statements needed. William C. Dancy, Watkins Creek, N. C.

**Co. B, 18th Infantry, 1st Div.**—Urgently need to contact service comrades of Cpl. James Johansen during North African campaign, about Christmas, 1942 or '43, when in Tunisia. Joseph W. Berosh, 80th Aircraft Repair Sdtn., 80th Air Depot Wing, APO 30, C/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

**U. S. Armed Guard on SS Hoke Smith, Julesburg, Kohala**—Will shipmates, 1942-45, please write, particularly Jack Klafkorn, John Howard Keyser, Wm. Pieromay. Statements needed. Roy E. Jones, 618 N. New St., Clayton, N. J.

**Jacksonville (Fla.) Naval Hospital**—Urgently need to hear from hospital personnel or patients who remember incident of stripping buttons and insignia from my uniform in 1944, before discharge. Particularly Dorothy Randall (or Reynolds) next room patient, believed to live near Boston; W. A. Duncan, VA representative, and ward nurses. Mrs. Leola Rankaitis, 1721 Elm, Manhattan Beach, Cal.

**C. B. Detachment 1045 (WW2)**—Urgently need to contact men who served with me, especially Grover C. Crews, James H. Bruno, Clifford R. Eaves, Roy E. Reinhart, Vale E. Specht, and Jewett F. Aateberry. Claim pending. Ora J. Frost, 140 Pine Lane, Grass Valley, Cal.

**U. S. Navy**—Will the sailor who picked up Cpl. Joe D. Melton, USMC, fatally injured in jeep accident on Vista Way, near San Diego, Cal., Jan. 17, 1952, please write his mother. Sailor

did not give name after taking unconscious man to Naval Hospital; will anyone who knows his identity please write. Mrs. Bertha D. Melton, P. O. Box 974, Alexandria, La.

**184th Infantry, 7th Division**—Will Lt. Bruno, or anyone who knows his present address, please write. Statement needed to verify combat injury. F. K. Elfalt, 2145 58th Street, Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

**504th Parachute Infantry, 84th Airborne Div.**—Will 1st Sgt. William Goss, Howard Thullberg, Edwin M. Wilgis, Stephen J. Tomaski, John G. Lavazza, and Silas H. Cloud please write. Need statements to support claim. Boyd J. Ailiff, Fort Gay, W. Va.

## MISSING IN KOREA

(Continued from page 35)

thing about him please write his mother. Mrs. Elena Scott, 4 Auburn St., Wakefield, Mass.

**Anti-Tank Co., 5th Marines, 1st Prov. Marine Brigade**—Parents of Cpl. Russell J. House would like to hear from service comrades who were with him at the time he was killed at Kimpo, Sept. 18, 1950. Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hagen, 1721 6th St., Nevada, Iowa.

**Co. F, 2nd Bn., 38th Infantry Regt.**—Sgt. James C. Reece, hospitalized in Japan for wounds Feb. 15, 1951; returned to active duty May 9; reported missing in action in vicinity of Kunum-gol, since May 19, 1951. Will be grateful for any word about him from a service comrade. His home town was Thomasville, N. C. Please write his wife. Mrs. Lucy B. Reece, General Delivery, Bonnie Doone Brandy, Fayetteville, N. C.

**Co. C, 21st Infantry, 24th Div.**—Will service comrades who may know anything about Pfc. Fred W. Monson, Sr., 711 West Broadway, Williston, 26, 1951, please write his mother. Mrs. Fred W. Monson, Sr., 711 West Broadway, Williston, N. Dak.

**9th Infantry, 2nd Div.**—Will appreciate any information about my son, Pfc. Benjamin Griggs, reported missing in action Nov. 30, 1950, in vicinity of Kunu-ri. Please write. Mrs. Marion Griggs, 14 West Wheelock St., Hanover, N. H.

**1st Ranger Co., 2nd Div.**—Will be grateful for any word from service comrades who know about SFC Gordon P. Lewis, reported killed in action near Kunum-gol, May 18, 1951; place of burial,

if found. Please write. W. F. Lewis, 602 W. Boone St., Marshalltown, Iowa.

**Co. G, 7th Infantry, 3rd Div.**—My brother, Sgt. George J. Barnett, Jr., has been missing in Korea since November, 1950; I will greatly appreciate any word from anyone who knows about him or what happened to him. Mrs. Archie Noel, Monroeville, Ind.

**Hdqrs. Battery, 15th F. A. Bn.**—Will anyone who knows anything about what happened to Sgt. William Wayne Simpson, missing in action since Feb. 13, 1951, please write his mother. Mrs. Isabel Simpson, 228 E. Cecil Place, Costa Mesa, Cal.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

(Continued from page 35)

**312th Bomb Group—Convention**, New York City, Aug. 8-10; Hotel Victoria. Write Raymond Grebla, RD 5, Somerville, N. J., for info and reservations.

**3rd Service Group, Air Corps—Reunion**, Buckeye Lake, Ohio, Aug. 8-10; Lake Breeze Hotel. Details from William Hannigan, 158 Hoover St., Newark, Ohio, or Kermit Miller, 580 Linn St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

**85th Chemical (4.2) Mortar Bn.**—7th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 2; at Uhlman-Horne Post, VFW, Mt. Oliver. Further info from Ray A. Seemiller, 119 Raveha St., Pittsburgh 10, Pa.

**521 Clr. and 694th Ambulance Cos.**—6th annual reunion, Camp Perry, Clarks Mills, Pa., Aug. 10. Info from F. W. Barber, Union City, Pa.

**749th Railway Operating Bn.—Reunion**, Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 15-16; Gibson Hotel. Write Don Gothard, 84 Dana Ave., Columbus 8, Ohio.

**488th Bombardment Sdtn.—Reunion**, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 15-17; Hotel Sherman. Contact Al Berg, 2547 W. 63rd St., Chicago 29, Ill.

**1374 EPD Co.**—2nd annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 15-18; DeSoto Hotel. Info from Andrew Shabi, RR 4, Valparaiso, Ind.

**309th Engineers Assn.**—28th annual reunion, Harrisonburg, Va., Aug. 21-23. Info from George Stoner, Secy., Box 52, Manchester, Tenn., or Oliver Tarbell, 45 Ott St., Harrisonburg, Va.

**20th Engineer Combat Assn. (20th and 1340 Engr. Bns.)—Reunion**, New York City, Aug. 22-23; Park Sheraton Hotel. Contact Bernard P. McDonnell, Secy-Treas., 26 Parkview Ave., Lackawanna, N. Y.

**Co. G, 306th Infantry, 77th Div. (WW1)**—Annual reunion, New York City, Aug. 23. Write Peter Spezial, 1344 74th St., Brooklyn 28, N. Y.

**USS Scroggins, DE 799—Reunion**, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 23. Write Sam McKissick, 2338 Boas St., Harrisburg, Pa.

**7th U. S. Cavalry Assn.**—Annual reunion, Louisville, Ky., Aug. 24-28; Henry Clay Hotel. Old timers send your present address, or write for info. Forrest M. Beeson, Commander, 1932 W. 43rd Place, Los Angeles 62, Cal.

**USS Pocahontas (WW1 Troop Transport)**—5th annual reunion, New York City, Aug. 24-28, in connection with Legion National Convention. Write R. J. Swinecamp, 25-4130 Rd., Astoria, Long Island, N. Y., or R. Fairley Morris, Secy., Box 117, Maxton, N. C.

**26th Engineers Assn. (WW1)**—Reunion and banquet, New York City, Aug. 25; Hotel Martinique. For reservations write James R. Rosenfeld, 98 Garden Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y., or Edward C. Dozyk, 276 Lee Park Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

**305th Machine Gun Bn.**—Pre-parade noon buffet, New York City, Aug. 26; Madison Square Boys Club, 305 E. 29th St. Contact John M. Lewis, Chairman, 510 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

**1st Gas Regiment (WW1)**—Reunion dinner, New York City, Aug. 26; Le Marmiston Restaurant, 41 E. 49th St. Contact Leo Meyerowitz, above address, or Victor Lomuller, 74 West 69th St., New York City.

**North Sea Mine Force Assn.**—Open house at Hotel New Yorker, Aug. 26-27, 7 p.m., for shipmates during Legion National Convention. Contact William C. Meister, Secy., P. O. Box 66, Sunnyside Sta., Long Island City 4, N. Y.

**USS Owen, DD 336**—5th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 29-31; Hotel Fort Pitt. Contact Louis L. Cimino, 2300 Milligan Ave., Swissvale, Pa.

**613th OBAM Bn.**—Reunion, Reading, Pa., Aug. 29-Sept. 1; Hotel Abraham Lincoln. Write Edward J. Seyfert, 340 N. 4th St., Reading, Pa., for reservations.

**489th AAA AW (Sp) Bn.—Reunion**, Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 30-31; Penn Harris Hotel. Contact Robert H. Leshner, Chairman, Main St., Berrysburg, Pa.

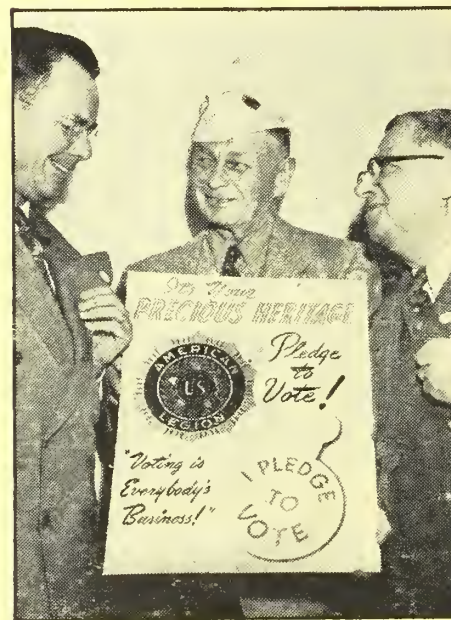
**45th (Thunderbird) Infantry Div., Oklahoma State Chapter—Reunion**, Oklahoma City, Okla., Aug. 30-31. Info from Victor Holman, Secy., 2205 N. Central, Oklahoma City.

**16th Engineers (WW1)**—11th annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 29-Sept. 1; Detroit-Leland Hotel. Info from Harold J. Oliver, 4955 Walwit Ave., Dearborn, Mich.

**40th Engineers Combat Regt.—National reunion**, Canon City, Colo., Aug. 30. Details from Ed Johannes, Box 101, Bristol, Colo.

**428th MPEG Co.**—2nd annual reunion, Gainesville, Ga., Aug. 31. Contact J. W. Burson, Box 238, Oxford, Ga.

## WASHINGTON PUTS ON BIG "PLEDGE TO VOTE" DRIVE



Co-ordinating the "Pledge to Vote" drive with the two major political parties, the Department of Washington is effectively covering the entire State in its campaign to awaken citizens to their responsibilities as share-holders in government. The objective is, of course, to cause all eligible voters to register and to vote in elections. Above, left to right, Mort Frayn, Republican State Chairman; Fred M. Fuecker, Department Adjutant of the Legion, and Joseph Gluck, Democratic State Treasurer.



# Veterans Newsletter

JULY, 1952

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

## COMPENSATION AND PENSION INCREASES:

Cost-of-living increases in compensation and pension to vets of all wars are authorized in a new law signed by President Truman on May 23, (Public Law 356, 82nd Congress). . . . Hikes in compensation amount to 5 percent for those rated 10 to 49 percent disabled; 15 percent for those with 50 to 100 percent disability. . . . Total and permanent disability rating, non-service-connected, pension is increased \$3 per month—\$60 to \$63 basic, raised from \$72 to \$75 when vet reaches 65 or has been on rolls 10 years. . . . Compensation rate for widow of service-connected veteran, without dependents, was kept at \$75, but increases were made for dependents. . . . Statutory award cases, arrested tuberculosis, amputees, blind and deaf, are considered under another bill. . . . Under same bill increase of 7½ percent is granted to pensioners of Civil, Indian and Spanish-American Wars.

Here is a breakdown of the new compensation rates for service-connected disabilities, vets of both WWs and Korea: 10 percent, \$15.75; 20, \$31.50; 40, \$47.25; 50, \$63; 60, \$103.50; 70, \$120.75; 80, \$138.00; 90, \$155.25; 100, \$172.50. . . . Compensation rates for widows and dependents: Widow; \$75; widow, 1 child, \$121.00; each additional child, \$29; no widow, 1 child, \$67; no widow, 2 children, \$94; no widow, 3 children, \$122.00; each additional child, \$23.00; 1 parent, \$60; 2 parents, each \$35.00.

New pension rates for widows and children of non-service-connected vets of both WWs and Korea, are as follows: Widow, \$48.00, raised from \$42.00; widow, 1 child, \$60.00; each additional child, \$7.20; no widow, 1 child, \$26.00; no widow, 2 children, \$39.00; no widow, 3 children, \$52.00; each additional child, \$7.20. . . . There is no provision for dependent parents in non-service-connected cases.

Income ceiling raised: Another bill (H. R. 4387) signed by President Truman at the same time (Public Law 357, 82nd Congress) raises the income limits above which payments cannot be made in non-service-connected disability and death pension cases. . . . Limits go from \$1,000 to \$1,400 for a veteran without dependents, and from \$2,500 to \$2,700 for a veteran with dependents or a widow with children. . . . The laws become effective on July 1, 1952, and are not retroactive.

\* \* \* \*

## STATUTORY AWARD INCREASES PENDING:

House of Representatives on May 19 passed a bill (H. R. 7783) granting 15 percent cost-of-living increase in the rates of statutory awards for service-connected veterans of both WWs and Korea. . . . Measure now in Senate, awaiting action by that body. . . . If enacted and signed by

President, law will affect some 119,000 seriously disabled veterans, which includes those who have suffered amputation or loss of use of hand or foot, those who are blinded or totally deaf, arrested tuberculosis awards, and similar disabilities. . . . Bill provides for boost of present minimum of \$42 to \$50. . . . The maximum disability rate would go up from \$360 to \$400 a month.

\* \* \* \*

## GI BILL FOR KOREA VETS MAKES PROGRESS:

After nearly two years of hearings and investigations, a GI Bill of Rights for Korea veterans (all personnel in service in the Armed Forces after June 26, 1950) has been cleared for action on the floor by the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs. . . . Bill must now run gauntlet on floor of both House and Senate, and will probably be subjected to amendments changing some of the proposed rates. . . . Patterned generally after the WW2 GI Bill of Rights, the measure contains provisions for educational and training benefits, housing and business loans, and mustering-out pay. . . . No provision is made for readjustment pay or unemployment benefits. . . . Legion will support amendment to give \$25 per week for 26 weeks, spread out over two years from discharge.

Major change in educational portion of the bill is in method of paying vets. . . . Under the WW2 GI Bill the VA paid tuition directly to the school and gave vet the subsistence allowance. . . . Korean GI Bill provides entire allowance paid to vet, out of which he pays tuition and books. . . . Allowance is fixed at \$110 per month for single men and \$150 for vets with dependents who are attending school full time. . . . Half-time students would receive \$50 and \$70, and vets going to school less than half-time would not receive allowance. . . . Legion has opposed change in method since it works to the disadvantage of veteran.

Vets in service since June 26, 1950, will have the same housing benefits as under the WW2 GI Bill, including guaranty home loans up to 60 percent, with a maximum guaranty of \$7,500. . . . Business loan guaranty of \$2,000, and direct loans up to \$10,000 in non-metropolitan areas where private financing is not available. . . . Interest on all types of loans cannot exceed 4 percent. . . . Wage credits for Social Security purposes of \$160 a month, regardless of the period of service, is provided.

Mustering-out pay is hiked to \$100 for service of less than 60 days; \$200 for more than 60 days, and \$300 for more than 60 days of which part was served overseas. . . . This pay would accrue to all personnel below the rank of Major in the Army and Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Commander in the Navy.



## **POW PAYMENTS SET FOR AUGUST 1:**

War Claims Commission has set August 1 as target date to start second payment to American WW2 prisoners of war as compensation for forced labor or ill treatment while in enemy prison camps. . . . About 132,000 ex-POWs and dependents of dead prisoners are eligible for the payments, according to Mrs. Georgia Lusk, Vice Chairman. . . . Compensation is fixed at \$1.50 per day—paid from impounded enemy alien funds and not from U. S. Treasury—for each day they were forced to work or were treated improperly by the enemy. . . . Average payments, Mrs. Lusk said, for men who were prisoners in Europe will run about \$400. . . . Average for Pacific prisoners is higher, may go up to about \$1,400.

Eligibles must file formal claims in order to be paid, using forms now being prepared by War Claims Commission. . . . These forms will be mailed out, without request, to each war prisoner who received the former payment of \$1 a day for sub-standard rations. . . . The forms will also be available from Legion Service Officers, and other veteran service agencies.

\* \* \* \*

## **NSLI DIVIDEND FORMULA FOR PAYMENT:**

VA is sending out first regular dividend checks to NSLI policy-holders for the period between the anniversary dates of the policies in 1951 and 1952. . . . Now up to date, after two special dividends, VA expects to cut a melon each year either by cash payment or credit against premium payments. . . . VA warns that to be paid in cash a request must be made on the form enclosed with premium notice. . . . Otherwise it will be credited against future unpaid premiums; the policy-holder will be notified of the amount.

*Formula for payment:* There will be no big checks, as were paid in the two special dividends. . . . This dividend covers one year only and at best the top check will be for \$60—50 cents per month for each \$1,000 insurance, with a \$10,000 maximum. . . . Most vets who have written about method of calculation can determine their refund from the following:

For those who carry 5-year term insurance the refund rate is 50 cents per \$1,000 insurance up to the age of 41 years. . . . For those 41 or over the checks are smaller, dwindling down to 20 cents per \$1,000 for insurees 55 or older. . . . Up to 40 the vet who holds the maximum insurance and had it in force during the entire year will get \$60 cash or credit; at age 41, 47 cents; 42, 44 cents; 43, 41 cents; 44, 38 cents; 45, 35 cents; 46, 33 cents; 47, 31 cents; 48, 29 cents; 49, 27 cents; 50, 25 cents; 51, 24 cents; 52, 23 cents; 53, 22 cents; 54, 21 cents; 55 and older, 20 cents.

To further complicate the payments, the different types of insurance call for different methods of calculation according to age and the type of policy carried. . . . For example, the vet who has converted his insurance to 30-pay life will receive 47 cents per \$1,000 if he is less than 41, and only 31 cents if he is 55 or older. . . . A partial breakdown of payments in the different types of insurance is: Ordinary life, age 41, 57 cents per \$1,000; 55 and over, 31 cents; 20-pay life, 41 or under, 45 cents, 55 and over, 29 cents; 30-pay life, 41 and under, 47 cents, 55 and over, 31 cents; 20-year endowment, 41 and under, 49 cents, 55 and older, 32 cents; endowment at age 60, 41 and under, 49 cents, 55 and older, 24 cents; and endowment at age 65, 41 and under, 49 cents, 55 and over, 29 cents.

## **CREDIT CARD FOR ORTHOPEDIC BRACE SERVICE:**

VA has begun to issue, through Regional Offices, a new "Prosthetic Service Card—Orthopedic Braces" which will permit prompt emergency repairs by commercial concerns without prior VA approval. . . . This new service will be most helpful to the 30,000 disabled vets who wear orthopedic braces because of disabilities from wounds, paralysis of arms and legs, unended fractures, polio and other disablements. . . . Now, with the card which establishes identification and eligibility, the disabled man may receive emergency repairs up to a limit of \$15 for each brace without a long wait for VA approval. . . . Amputee veterans already are receiving this type of emergency repair service for prosthetic arms and legs from commercial concerns.

\* \* \* \*

## **ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL GET PAY BOOST:**

President Truman, on May 20, signed a bill into law granting a pay boost to all Armed Forces personnel. . . . Everybody from buck private to 5-star General gets a 4 percent hike in base pay, with allowances for food and rent up to 14 percent. . . . The bill is all-inclusive, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force, including retired personnel; cadets at West Point, midshipmen at Annapolis, Coast Guard, Public Health Service, and Coast and Geodetic Survey. . . . In all, some three and a half million persons are affected.

The raises range from \$3 a month for privates and seamen to \$65 for 2-star Generals and Rear Admirals. . . . For enlisted personnel with dependents, the monthly increase in pay and allowances will range from \$13 to \$19. . . . Provision tacked on by Senate to give \$45 a month combat pay to participants in the Korea fighting was struck out in final consideration.

\* \* \* \*

## **"WHEELCHAIR" HOMES FOR DISABLED VETS:**

A total of 2,272 seriously disabled veterans, including those of the Korean fighting, have received Federal grants totalling nearly \$20,500,000 for "wheelchair" homes. . . . Another 1,656 vets have received preliminary approval for such grants. . . . Vets of all war or peacetime service since 1898 who cannot get about without the aid of wheelchairs, braces, crutches, or the like, may be entitled to these special aids. . . . First qualification is that vet must be entitled to compensation for permanent and total service-connected disability for the loss, or loss of use, of both legs due to specified conditions. . . . VA defrays 50 percent of the cost of the "wheelchair" homes up to a maximum of \$10,000. . . . These homes have such special features as ramps, instead of steps; doorways wide enough to accommodate a wheelchair; special bathroom fixtures, and exercise rooms equipped to meet the needs of the individual. . . . VA supplies model plans, specifications, and blue-prints of the specially designed homes. . . . A vet may use the grant in several ways. . . . He may buy a lot and build on it, remodel his present home to suit his needs, or apply the grant against a mortgage if he already has a suitable home.

\* \* \* \*

## **INTEREST ON DEFENSE BONDS INCREASED:**

U. S. Treasury Department has announced that on and after May 1, 1952, all Series E Defense Bonds—the popular kind—will yield 3 percent interest, compounded semi-annually, when held to maturity. . . . Series E Bonds held beyond maturity will also bear the 3 percent rate of interest. . . . Individual limit on annual purchases has been doubled from \$10,000 to \$20,000 maturity value.



# Is Boys' State Big Enough?

(Continued from page 23)

liberty under any pretense whatever may prosecute a writ of habeas corpus to inquire into the cause of such imprisonment or restraint.")

Failure to pass his bar exam did not discourage Joe, though. In fact the experience gave him confidence to try for his party nomination to run for state assemblyman and the result being a tie, he lost out on the flip of a coin which was tossed to save time and avoid the agonies of another election campaign. Besides time was getting short. Election dates were all scheduled and the county elections were at hand. Running for county treasurer, Joe lost by two votes.

The city and county offices were considered non-partisan, but the state offices were partisan and each party held its primary elections to determine the party nominees for governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, comptroller, treasurer, attorney general, 12 senators and 42 assemblymen, each city being a legislative district for 1 senator and 2 assemblymen. Nominating petitions for candidates had to be circulated by their backers and required 5 to 7 signatures of members of their own parties in their districts.

In California there are also non-partisan state offices: a superintendent of public instruction and 7 supreme court justices.

As the partisan campaign for governor and state offices got under way, the Whigs put on a musical program to the temporary embarrassment of the Federalists.

The roving reporter went about asking candidates "What do you think about interdigitation before marriage?" and collected a large assortment of an-

swers ranging all the way from "I think it and communism should be banned," to "I'd rather hold hands." Only three of the boys asked seemed to know what it actually meant; the rest, with an instinct for political self-preservation, played safe and answered in generalities.

On June 27th the Whig and Federalist candidates faced each other for the show-down. Local elections and side-issues had already been settled, including the pin-up girl contest which had been won by a young lady in Pasadena through the devotion of a youth from Fillmore City.

The Boys' Stater published the platform of both parties and the Federalist being shorter, the Girls' State menu for the dinner they gave the boys was appended. It included roast turkey and strawberry shortcake.

The party platforms were based on proposals for making the next session of Boys' State more comfortable and efficient by improving facilities and services for the next year. The rival candidates for the state's chief executive made their final pitches at a big mass meeting. When all the votes were counted, Franklin Delano Tateosian, Whig, a boy from San Mateo, had been elected governor.

Then came the payoff on the last day of State. The lucky boys who had won their elections for state offices moved into the California state capitol and took over the actual offices and function of government they had been elected for. The young senators moved into the senate chamber, the assemblymen into the house and the administrative officials into the various executive offices. The judges sat on the

bench. The voting citizenry, including Joe, sat watchful in the galleries of the legislature.

To the ever-memorable excitement of Joe, he was taken into the office of the treasurer and held in his hands in state bonds the stupefying sum of \$102,000,000 and ten cents belonging to the clerk who let him hold the bonds.

Every boy was given a document to which was affixed the official seal of the State of California, a diploma certifying he had taken the Legion's course in government, and a membership pin in the shape of the state with the Legion seal superimposed.

My friend Joe came home with a big box filled with one of everything, a roster of several new friends in various parts of his state and a growing conviction that something mighty big and fine had happened to him.

San Diego County, where Joe came from, is in the extreme southwest corner of the United States. Its area is greater than Connecticut's, its population greater than Rhode Island's. With 5,000 Legionnaires in 29 Posts, and 2,000 Auxiliaries, the county sent 15 boys and 14 girls to Boys' and Girls' States.

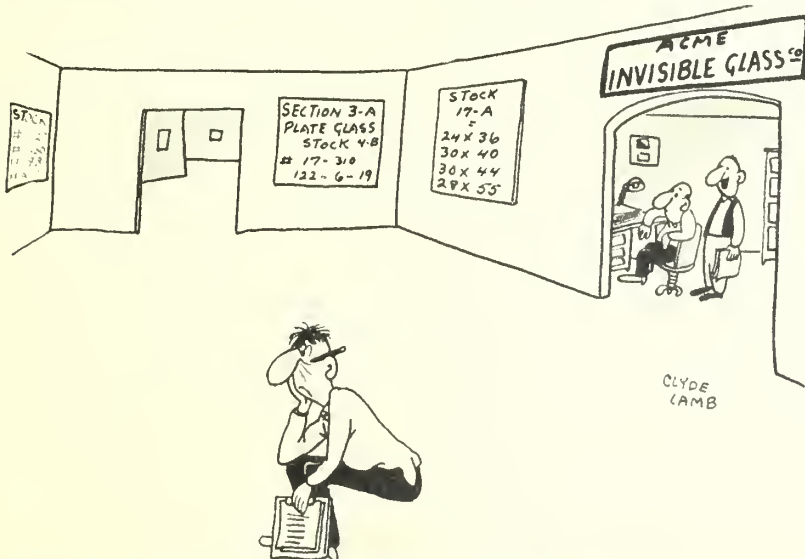
While Joe was at Boys' State, nearly 400 Girls were at Girls' State. The girls were quartered on a campus a discreet distance from the boys' Sacramento barn-dormitory, but near enough for the boys and girls to exchange dinners and join in a big, gala dance.

It cost \$59 to sponsor each boy or girl, and the curriculum was the same for both. The expenses allowed something over for spending money, and to pay nominal dues to the political parties and campaign funds which the youngsters set up.

So every year over a thousand boys and girls in the second most populous state in the Union get a practical experience in the functioning of citizenship and government with enough fun thrown in to keep it interesting and lively. Wonderful? Of course it is better than none, but what is one thousand boys and girls a summer in a state with a population of over 10½ millions?

And why is The American Legion still almost alone in this work after seventeen years of pioneering? In a democracy it is the proper function of the state itself through its school system to educate boys and girls in active citizenship and practical government.

Why are not *all* the boys and girls in our great American democracy taught the basic elements of our form of government and given practical experience in active citizenship in a public school system paid for by our taxes? Well? The answer, please. THE END



"Bagwell's going nuts . . . taking inventory!"



# Stretching Your Vacation Dollar

(Continued from page 17)

at the side if it happens to rain. That outfit paid for itself in 5 week-end trips we took last season. This year we're hitting the trail for two and a half weeks; going to Jackson Hole, Yellowstone, then through Idaho to Oregon, on to my old home in California, and then swing back to Denver. I don't get any squawks from my family now when I go fishing; they go along and share the fun."

Some campgrounds have intriguing historical background—the Dolly Copp Forest Camp, for example, located near the base of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire.

More than 100 years ago, Dodifer Hayse Copp, with his bride Dolly, moved to this spot in the Pinkham Notch wilderness. They cleared land, built a home, cultivated crops, raised a family. Dolly found a source of income by supplying lodging and meals for travelers and this stopping place became somewhat famous. For fifty years they lived there, and the day for celebrating their Golden Wedding arrived.

According to legend, after the celebration had ended, Dolly walked out of the door, saying, "Fifty years is long enough for any woman to live with one man." According to the legend, she never returned, never again saw Dodifer.

Now at times there are as many as 300 tents and trailers in place on the Dolly Copp farm. In 1949 the use of this camp reached an all-time high; an estimated 70,000 "camper days." A Dolly Copp Campers' Association has been formed among the mill hands, college professors, woods laborers, physicians, mechanics, merchants, people from all walks of life who return season after season to this outing spot. There are standing committees for handling grievances, safety, entertainment, religious services and other functions. William H. Robinson of South Weymouth, Mass., is serving his sixth consecutive term as head of the Association and "Mayor" of Dolly Copp Camp.

Many a traveler has learned of these improved camping areas by practically stumbling into them—as did the visitor from Boston, Mass., who turned into the Nevada Beach campground in the Toiyabe National Forest, on the eastern side of famous Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The Bostonian had just arrived when he spotted Ranger Vic Goodwin and hurried to face the forest man.

"Why," demanded the Boston man, "don't you let people know there are such places as this? I've been all over the country other years and found nothing like it. I've wasted a week of

my vacation looking for something like this. If I'd known about this campground I'd have come directly here and put in my time at this place. People ought to know how to find these campgrounds!"

Mr. Boston, like many others, had not learned the easy way to locating and using the National Forest campgrounds.

Here is how you may procure the information which will allow you to plan an itinerary to go the forest-park camp-way, find the improved recreation areas, know something of what you'll encounter there.

For 25¢ the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. will send you a 60-page booklet titled "National Forest Vacations." The first half of the booklet contains general information about the National Forests, including a listing of winter sports areas—over 30 of them, mostly in the West, but with 3 in Michigan and one each in Minnesota and New Hampshire.

The balance of the booklet contains a listing of National Forests, by states. The headquarters address of each forest and the numbers of U. S. highways leading to them are given. Special features of interest are in one column, recreational activities are listed in another column, and the number of improved picnic and camping spots in the forest as well as other accommodations are mentioned briefly. For example you'll find under the Florida heading that—

The Ocala National Forest, headquarters at Tallahassee, has 11 improved camp and picnic grounds. Within the forest is Juniper Springs, flowing 8 million gallons of fresh water daily. Subtropical palms, hardwood and pine timber grow beside lakes, streams and ponds, where you can fish for bass, perch and dream.

Perhaps you're not interested in Florida; you want to visit Yellowstone National Park as part of your vacation. A peek into the booklet will tell you that just outside the park on the Wyoming side, is the Shoshone National Forest, with high, rugged peaks, spectacular canyons and hundreds of lakes and trout streams. There are 55 improved camp and picnic grounds for your use in the Shoshone forest. That sounds good; a few days in the park, a week maybe at some inviting camps in the forest. You need more information to better plan your stopping places and vacation time in the Shoshone forest.

Here is the next step in planning your stay in the Shoshone or any other National Forest.

Most road maps show the National Forests and give their names. Your booklet will supply the address of the headquarters of the forests. Address the Supervisor of any specific forest, at the headquarters town listed, requesting the available recreational literature pertaining to that forest—it's free.

This material is almost certain to contain a map, showing roads, camping spots, many other features. On the map or in a separate booklet that will come with it, will be descriptions of what may be seen and enjoyed in that forest, and information concerning any regulations, such as may be necessary concerning campfires in areas where there is high hazard. First the general booklet for general information, then the material that will be sent to you from any Forest Supervisor's office, give you complete data on which you can plan your trip into the millions on millions of acres of your public properties with so many facilities for going the camp-way awaiting your coming.

Because the greater proportion of the national parks and forests are in the West, it follows that the area from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean contains the bulk of these improved sites that serve vacationing visitors. California has 777 forest camps, in addition to others within state and national parks; Idaho has 358; Colorado, 330; Montana 220—as an indication of how plentiful these accommodations may be if you tour west.

But the forest camps are not limited to areas west of the Great Plains. There are 110 improved recreation spots within National Forests in Michigan; 14 in Virginia; 38 in Minnesota; 8 in Pennsylvania; 16 in New Hampshire—to name a few of the 18 states east of the Mississippi where forests exist and improved recreation areas are located. There also are National Forests and campgrounds within the Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas. Even Texas has national forests and a limited number of improved camps within them.

It is true that unless you live on or near the seacoast, you may point your car in almost any direction and be traveling toward some of these camps within your national recreation lands. The camp-way for your vacation is a bargain, with modest cost and high enjoyment, so you may take that western trip you've dreamed about, at moderate cost, once you reach the Rockies and points west.

Going the camp-way, you must carry certain essentials with you. These are "housing" of some type, sleeping needs, and cooking and table ware. Food supplies can be picked up at communities



along the highway as you approach the camping areas. If you linger at a camp, there usually is a trading point only a few miles away where you may secure food or minor bits of equipment.

For housing you may purchase a tent or perhaps rent one for the time you will use it. The small space required, the low cost of a "pup tent" may invite you to secure one of these. But a pup tent isn't adequate for good shelter, particularly if you might encounter a spot of rain. The size of your tent will be governed in some degree by the number in your party, but get a tent that is adequate.

If you have a house trailer you're equipped. Or there are companies that have trailers for rent. If this appeals to you, explore the possibility of renting your trailer near the area where you plan to spend your vacation; you'll bypass having to drag it all the distance to the scenic area.

The most economical in space of any cooking and table ware are the "nesting kits," usually made for four people. They contain such items as a pail for water, into which nest two cooking pots and a coffee pot, plates, cups, saucers and spoons, knives and forks. They cost \$8 to \$12 and last for many seasons. Check over this cooking kit, visit the "5 & 10" store, add a can opener, scouring cloth, some dish cloths, a pot-holder or two, a butcher knife and large fork, and you have about what will be needed for good cooking in camp.

A gasoline camp stove is not essential. You can cook over an open fire. A gasoline stove is a quick fire, and pots and pans are not sooted as they will be over an open flame. It is a touch of civilization, sure enough, but a handy piece of equipment that does not require much room or high cost. If you plan to cook over an open fire, get a flat piece of sheet metal, rather heavy gauge, and make a light canvas or similar "envelope" into which you can slip the metal sheet to protect other equipment from the soot it will accumulate. Place this between your wood fire and your cooking utensils. It will save a lot of scrubbing of soot from the pots and pans.

That covers the really essential needs for going the camp-way. Add such clothing as you will need, towels, soap and a plastic container for it, a metal mirror if one is available and such toilet articles, cameras or other plunder as you may expect to use on the trip. A square of oilcloth comes in handy to spread on a rustic table; it scrubs easily and makes a good covering for stacking dishes to drain when you come to the camp chore of washing them.

If you care anything about angling, take along your fishing tackle. Particularly in the west and in the lakes coun-

try, there is angling either at the very threshold of your camp or within a short hiking distance.

When autumn comes, after the tourist season there is another use of these camps—many a camp at the end of a stub road into the forests fills with big game hunters. Because the forest areas are open to hunting, are public property, they are the largest of all hunting grounds open to the public, and only in a few eastern forests are there any additional fees for hunting within them. In the west they are wide open, for elk, deer, some moose, an occasional bear.

One should remember when located at the more secluded camping places within the national forests, particularly in the west, that he is only a step from the wide-spreading great outdoors. Sometimes it is only a little distance to actual wilderness.

And in this wilderness there are the wonders of the national parks to be seen; the geysers at Yellowstone, the climax of mountain scenery in Rocky Mountain park, the strange cliff dweller ruins in Mesa Verde, the gaspy panorama of the Grand Canyon.

In the forests there may not be the climax in scenic values or natural wonders that are included in the National Parks, but there is vast country full of allure and beauty to be enjoyed. Trails lead through little, woodsy canyons, or across meadows where beavers may be building their dams and lodges. Deer peek from thickets or go bounding away into wide stretches of evergreen timber. In beaver ponds, in backwaters of racing streams, below some rainbow-decked waterfalls, trout smash at an artificial fly properly dropped in the riffles or on a foam-laced pool. There's a delicious trout dinner to be taken from

many streams by those who know the art of angling.

There may be the fun of finding other foods not far from the National Forest camps. Those who really know the mushrooms can find many edible kinds in hardwood forests of the East or those of the pine and spruce forests of the West. In the northern lake country forests, in season, there are blueberries—sometimes acres of them, fresh, sweet and delicious. In old burned places there are likely to be wild red raspberries.

With the booklets, the maps and other material suggested you can block out a vacation that can be spent in some of the finest of all our scenic and recreational areas. The National Parks and National Forests are yours to enjoy. The barrier of high-cost can be detoured if you do as the Blairs did last year, or as Bob Chandler travels, or as the man from Boston finally found his ideal spot at Lake Tahoe and the Nevada Beach camping grounds.

You'll be taking home a lot of rich memories, a fun-packed, enjoyable vacation if you go the camp-way. You know now how to get to the big open country of the National Forests and Parks. And you should know the way back home, carrying recollections of a swell outing.

Many a traveler who has visited the big recreation areas we all own in the National Forests and Parks, has enjoyed the close touch with the outdoors. They know they have to head home, but—

If they had a choice they just wouldn't. It's been too much fun, at so little cost, to live for a while in the camping places of our big publicly-owned recreation areas. THE END



"I really didn't have to shoot him. Mabel was doing a pretty good job with the frying pan."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



# Last Trip From Kunming

(Continued from page 13)

"Boy, he sure can make with the talk."

Kane folded the manifest, creased it with his thumbnail and stuck it in his pocket. He climbed the ladder to the cabin and stood in the doorway, then shot the beam of the flashlight to the face of the Chinese officer. "Never mind the chatter, Confucius. Just round up your frat buddies and march them through this door."

Lieutenant Ching looked puzzled.

"He means 'get aboard,'" the sergeant said. "And pronto."

At their officer's command the troops picked up their blanket rolls and rifles and scampered up the ladder. They were all green recruits, conscripted from outlying villages. Their bedraggled, quilted uniforms were shapeless as an old rug. Even in the cold cabin Kane caught the evil stench of flesh sores and sickness, grime and dirt. He motioned them quickly to the bucket seats along the sides and put the remainder in the aisle, forward, atop the baggage. Their faces showed their eagerness for the new adventure.

"Okay," Kane said, turning to the Chinese lieutenant. "Keep them in these places. We've got a heavy load. No moving around. Understand?"

The lieutenant sat holding his baggage in his lap. His hand went around the bundle and touched his cap in an awkward salute. "Yes, Captain, sir."

"You don't have to yes-Captain-sir me—and put your gear inside there on the floor."

Lieutenant Ching looked perplexed.

Kane took the bundle and tossed it to the floor where the sergeant was securing the baggage with ropes. He started for the cockpit.

"Captain, sir?"

Kane turned, holding the forward door open.

The lieutenant's throat seemed to constrict; he swallowed hard, staring intensely at the pilot. Finally he stood up and blurted out, "Captain, we know that you pilots risk your lives for China. We grant you strength each day that you fly. Words cannot express our hallowed feeling. We thank you from the utmost depths of our heart." He stood there a moment longer, watching Kane's face, then sank down again on the seat, obviously upset over his inability to make his message clear.

Kane exchanged a smile with the sergeant. "Okay, sonny," he said. "Just keep your boys in their seats, that's all." He slammed the door and stepped into the cockpit.

The big transport roared off the runway and made a climbing turn in the darkness. The compass swung to due

West before Kane eased back on the throttles.

"You take it," he said, nodding to Lester, whose snub-nosed face was outlined in the luminous glow of the panel.

Kane lit a cigarette, then glanced out the window. "Goodbye, China!" he said aloud. "You barren, dung-smelling, beat-up old country!"

Lester smiled. "You still got a generous chunk of it on this plane."

"Yeah, I know it! And that little jerk lieutenant going around spouting off how thankful he is. He ought to be! The whole outfit couldn't rout a garter snake." He reached to the overhead panel and snapped off the wing lights to avoid detection from patrolling night fighters, then added, "After I sweat this one out, I'm through—to hell with them!"

He sat back, morosely scanning a distant chain of mountains that rose to sixteen thousand feet. His eyes swept over the instrument panel, then back to the peaks. He made a fractional change in the throttle setting and settled down in the seat.

They climbed out toward a line of ridges whose dark ramparts of rock spurs and precipices spread southward, broken by a bone-white stretch of Burma Road. Off the right wing he spotted his two checkpoints: Mt. Tali, a stark buttress of chipped vertical shale, rose from the edge of a lake, its ice-sheathed tip sparkling in the moonlight. Beyond it Mt. Likiang stuck up like a needle point, swathed in a pure white mantle of snow.

When they had left them behind Kane snubbed out his cigarette. "Time to sniff the gas," he said. He pulled an oxygen mask from the map case. Instead of putting it on, however, he sat holding it in his lap, conscious of an awkward feel of the plane. His eyes worked over the panel. "Sarge!"

The radio operator glanced up from his table.

"Tell that Chink lieutenant to come up here," Kane said. "They're screwing up the trim."

In a moment he turned to see a dim figure in the shadowy passageway. He snapped on a dome light. Lieutenant Ching was standing at attention, his right hand brought up in a salute.

"At ease!" Kane roared.

Lieutenant Ching dropped the salute.

"You still understand English?"

"We are much honored, sir—?"

"Hold it! Don't give me any more of that crap! I told you not to make a three-ring circus out of this cabin. . . . Now, dammit, trot back there and get your men in the places I assigned them. Understand?"

"Yes, Captain. We are grateful—"

"He-e-ere we go again," the sergeant laughed. "Another speech."

"—to your brave men who fly for our country."

Kane stroked his jaw, his eyes flicking over the shoddy uniform to the straw-sandaled feet. He said: "We do it for flying pay, bub, and your dung-poor country ain't paying for it!"

"Your gallant air squadrons," Lieutenant Ching went on, "assist our country to defeat the enemy. It is a chance given by God. With your aid we shall drive out the Japanese devils."

Kane rolled his tongue around his teeth, still tasting the rubbery rice-flour bread served in the Snack Shack. The sergeant smiled. Lester pointed toward the cabin. "Better go," he warned, "before the captain gets mad."

Lieutenant Ching turned away. The next moment the cabin rang with his shouted commands, followed by the noises of soldiers scrambling into bucket seats. In another moment he reappeared in the cockpit, his face bearing a pleased look. He saluted. "It is done, Captain, sir."

"That's all," Kane said. "Get out!"

He snapped off the dome light. "If they were a little smarter and less thankful," he said, "we wouldn't have to risk our necks over this rock pile." He peered out at the irregular rows of fanged ridges. "They let the Japs bottle them up and we have to fly through the neck of it to keep them going." He reached to the windshield shelf for the flashlight, then tapped the button until he got the sergeant's attention. "What's the weather in India, Sarge?"

"Clear and unlimited, Cap."

"Roger." He fastened on his oxygen mask and took over controls.

That's another thing, he thought. No oxygen for the Chinese soldiers. Now the plane would be messed up with *their* sickness and some American GI would have to hose it down.

At eighteen thousand he leveled off. With a precision induced by long habit and training he retarded the throttle and propeller controls to a cruise setting, slid the fuel-mixture mechanisms to their proper notches, turned the selectors to full tanks, closed the cowl flaps, reduced the glare of the luminous lights, then settled down comfortably in the leather seat, his hands resting lightly on the controls.

The moonlight on the mountains made a puzzle of light and shadow. Ahead the towering range that divided the Salween and Mekong rivers loomed like a crenelated fortress, its granite-faced battlements thrust up into white



points from which scarfs of snow and ice trailed in the whipping wind. To the north, surrounding saucer-like plateaus, stood the soaring peaks of Tibet, their icy spires giving off a bluish star-like glint. To the south, where the Japanese army was stirring up the Salween front, giant grayish rolls of cumulonimbus clouds, lit up with supernal lighting like papier-maché lanterns, hovered persistently over the lush Burma hills.

The plane droned on, gulping up the night. Kane sat sucking his oxygen and listening to the muted percussion of the engines, the synchronized resonance of the props, the hundreds of spaced-timed beats and noises that made up the roaring power plant of the Commando. His ear was attuned to them all, to the faintest faltering in the mechanical symphony.

*It's good, he mused, to fly this thing—an aluminum shell, a linear equation from a drafting board.*

On the other hand, he reflected, it was enough to fly it with a load he could dump. With an empty plane a crew could sometimes make it back on one engine. But it was too much to saddle a man (especially on his last trip) with a bunch of humans without parachutes. Over this whole jagged course there was not a square postage stamp of flat terrain. And in occupied Burma, over which they would soon be passing, the Japs held a nice bag of tricks for captured American airmen. If trouble came, whose rules prevailed: the captain and his ship? Or Brularsen's mock advice?

These Chinese weren't worth it, he decided. What they needed was some real guts. With four hundred million people they ought to be able to beat the enemy with their fists!

He turned up the fleece collar of his flight jacket and glanced at the panel clock. Two A.M. Ninety minutes more. Ahead lay the next row of peaks: rocky palisades plunging sheer to the icy Salween river.

He knew what had happened—even before the red light on the panel blinked its warning. An oil line had gone.

The right engine faltered, rupturing the smooth drone. He snatched off his mask. "Sarge, go tell them to dump the baggage! All of it!"

The engine spluttered, canting the plane to the right. Kane straightened it with the rudder, then advanced the throttle on the left engine.

"Feather?" Lester asked. His index finger was poised over a switch that would rotate the prop blades into the wind, preventing their windmilling drag on the plane.

"Is it on fire?"

Lester glanced quickly to the right nacelle. "No."

"Hold it, then!" Kane said, sawing at the right throttle. "It's still got some power." But no sooner had he spoken than the oil pressure needle dropped solidly to the bottom peg. "Feather it!" he said.

The sergeant ran up, buckling on his parachute. "They're dumping, Cap. Shall I send a message?"

They had now dropped below the tops of the next range. Kane banked, turning into the narrow gorge. "Send the code!" he called over his shoulder. "Salween River, Route B!"

Lester pointed to the compass. "Hey, we're heading for the Nip front!"



"Ah! I think I found it! - Directions: Take . . ."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"You see any other way to go?" Kane snapped. They were imprisoned in the narrow gorge, quickly losing altitude. He inched up the power on the good engine. It groaned protestingly. "Watch that head temp!"

Lester held the flashlight nervously on the cylinderhead temperature gauge. "Getting hot!" he said.

"It'll take it a few minutes. If we can hold twelve-thousand—"

From the passageway a voice broke in calmly, "It is done, Captain, sir. The baggage is removed."

Kane suddenly ran his hand inside his jacket, jerked out a .45 from a shoulder holster and tossed it into Lester's lap. "If that guy is saluting"—he said—"shoot him!"

The sergeant pushed his way into the cockpit. "They got the message, Cap. Kunming got it!"

Kane held the descending plane to the center of the gorge. Wind slamming off the mountains made it shudder and rock. He turned to Lester. "Okay, you and the Sarge get yourselves ready to jump."

Lester leaned forward and peered

into Kane's face. "You sticking with the plane?"

"Don't argue—go!"

Lester fidgeted with his parachute buckle. His eyes strayed quickly out the window to the dark cliffs. According to Intelligence, Japanese patrols ranged over those bamboo-clustered animal trails. He turned back to Kane. "If you stick, I stick."

"Me, too!" the sergeant said. He darted back to his seat and buckled himself in.

"Don't be fools!" Kane shouted. "Jump!"

"I'm sticking," Lester muttered.

The plane yawed. Kane again adjusted the trim tab, shooting a quick glance to the cabin. "God damn that Chinaman!" he exploded. "Sarge, go back there and make them sit down!"

The big plane trembled, hovered. Mountain walls on each side cast steep shadows ahead. Kane searched over the moonlit terrain for a thick jungle-en-crusted slope. It was their only chance: stall over the spongy tree-tops and pancake into them.

But as he turned from the center of the gorge Lester reared violently against his safety belt. "Look!" he cried. "We're climbing!"

Kane saw the altimeter needle crawling slowly and steadily around the dial. He could feel the plane rising. As he pressed back on the controls to recoup his altitude the sergeant burst into the cockpit.

"They're gone," he stammered. "Gone!"

Kane's fingers gripped the controls. "What the hell are you saying?"

The sergeant fell in a paroxysm of coughing. "Gone, gone, gone . . ."

"Talk sense, dammit!"

"The soldiers jumped!" the sergeant cried. "Walked out—every man!"

Kane slid forward and snapped back hard against the cushion. "Take the controls," he said to Lester.

He reached for the flashlight and turned it toward the cabin. The open compartment door moved. From behind it stepped Lieutenant Ching. The beam caught him full in the face. "Yes, Captain, sir," he said. "I ordered my men to leave."

"You what?"

"You must not worry, sir," Lieutenant Ching said. "This is a much small thing for us to do. You see, China has many brave soldiers. They die without fear. But China needs your noble machines and your courageous flyers. The insidious Japanese oppress our people and . . ." His voice broke off, but the black eyes stared unblinking into the beam. "Now, Captain," he added haltingly, "you and your plane shall fly again." He drew his feet together, saluted, then ran for the cabin door.



"Catch him, Sarge!" Kane called out.

The sergeant flung himself through the doorway after the Chinese officer. Kane heard their shoes scuffing and sliding on the aluminum floorboard. In a moment the sergeant staggered back into the cockpit. "I missed," he groaned, "missed . . ."

The plane rose steadily out of the dark gorge, awkwardly lumbering upward, the laboring engine whining under the excessive power. It nosed high-

er and higher, lifting its broad wings again into the moonlight, climbing like some ancient bird released for flight.

Kane glanced at Lester. He was sitting mute, hunched over the controls, the oxygen mask gripped to his face.

For the first time now, Kane was conscious of his own exhaustion. A dull pain was thrumming through his head. His tongue cleaved like dry pulp, refusing to work up saliva. The luminous panel became a swirl of green around the cockpit.

He shook off the drowsiness and let his gaze sweep out across the terrain—rough, primitive, enemy-infested, God-forsaken country. But somewhere, somewhere out there, among the craggy boulders, or below them, in the jungle-entangled gorge. . . .

He grabbed the oxygen mask and pressed it to his face. He inhaled several times—deeply—then put it aside. His hands dropped to the controls and he nodded to Lester.

"Okay," he said. "I'll take it." THE END

## Uncle Lew's Happy Family

(Continued from page 21)

I thought it would be better if he drove, but a minute later regretted I hadn't accepted his invitation. Lew Reese is probably the world's wildest driver. We shot out of the station as though the devil were after us and rocketed along a country road at 80 m.p.h. In almost no time, we drew up in a shower of gravel in front of the Scio Pottery.

Once inside, Lew was in no hurry at all, but I was in for more surprises. At most industrial plants where I've been, the visitor encounters public relations smoothies, deferential secretaries, and minor executives and employees who kowtow to the big boss. But there was nothing like that at this plant—no greeters, no welcoming folderol, and certainly no obsequiousness.

Lew led me into his office, a small, crowded room in the heart of the pottery, put his feet on his littered desk, and carried on business as usual while we talked. The door of his office is never closed to anybody at any time. As we chewed the fat, employees kept wandering in and out to consult him about all kinds of things. Most of them called him Lew or Uncle Lew and, far from being awed in his presence, several of them gave him an argument.

One of these was a jiggerman, begrimed with potter's clay, who came in to recommend a mechanical change in the jigger he operated. "Hi, wooden-foot," Lew saluted him. "How you today?"

"Okay, wooden-head," the jiggerman said, "How are you?"

As the two men talked and argued it would have been impossible for an outsider to detect which one was boss. They were just two working potters having a fine time fussing about the best way to make cups and saucers.

As the jiggerman left the office a young stenographer came in. Lew accused her of losing a business letter which he couldn't find on his desk. She sassied him right back. "If you weren't such a mule, Uncle Lew," she said, "you would remember that that letter is right in your briefcase where you put it!"

The stenographer proved to be right about that, but Lew finally won the argument by brandishing a wooden paddle, which was given to him by a college fraternity of which he recently was made an honorary member, and threatening to warm her bottom with it. Giggling but not really scared for a minute, the girl scurried out.

A few minutes later, Lew's secretary, Mrs. Lena Hiller, came in with a big tray of expensive gold watches and placed them on the desk before him. That was so he could pick out a nice one for presentation to a veteran employee who was to retire in a few days. As Lew snapped his galluses and tried to make a decision, at least a dozen other employees trooped into the office and looked over his shoulders giving him advice on which watch to buy.

The complete democracy which prevails in the Scio Pottery was further impressed upon me when we went to lunch in the company cafeteria. The cafeteria, which Lew operates at a loss of \$500 or so every month, provides delicious food and serves as a kind of club not only for the plant but for the whole town of Scio. There are no tables reserved for executives or anybody else, all customers carry their own trays, and everybody from top brass to apprentices and floor-sweeper mingles on an equal basis.

After Lew had treated me to a juicy T-bone steak and an "elephant's foot"—a big ice cream cone packed with chocolate and nuts—he said he figured if I wanted to get the facts about his business the best thing would be for me to mosey around in the plant and talk with folks. "Just barge into anybody you want to," he said, "and start talking. If it's too noisy on the job, bring them in here to the cafeteria."

I followed his suggestion and, during the next two days, got acquainted with dozens of employees in various parts of the pottery. They were somehow different from industrial workers I had met in many other places. At first I couldn't decide in what way. Then I got at the root of the matter. Like the

people I had met in Lew's office and the cafeteria, all the employees of the Scio Pottery were relaxed. They felt perfectly at home on the job and were not victims of tension or fear. They all had plenty of time to talk in a leisurely way, or to show me around, or to take time out for a cup of coffee. They weren't afraid, on the one hand, of being reprimanded by their supervisors if they did too little work, or afraid, on the other hand, of being condemned by a union if they did too much.

To some readers, that may make the Scio Pottery sound like an inefficient sort of place. On the contrary, it is so highly efficient that it has been able to outstrip all rivals in its field of manufacturing. And this efficiency, I found, is directly attributable to the one-family feeling which prevails. Uncle Lew is mighty good to his employees and the employees, in turn, do everything they can to be good to Uncle Lew. It is as simple as that.

Everywhere I went, I encountered examples of increased efficiency that has grown out of this mutual good will.

In a section of the plant where platters are molded, for instance, I met Kenneth Peterson, a caster, who has developed a new and better method of filling platter molds from the bottom instead of the top. In the warehouse I talked with Paul C. Spiker, who has devised a new conveyor system which speeds the loading of finished crates into box cars. In the department where handles are attached to tea cups, I had a chat with the forelady, Miss Florence Beatty. She is currently developing a better way of keeping setters of the soft cup handles at the correct moisture—another idea which will save money for Uncle Lew and his "family."

Then there was Miss Virginia Wood, a pretty little brunette who has charge of a section where china is decorated. She showed me a gadget which she invented a few years ago for placing gilt edging on plates. Prior to that time, the gilt was painted on each plate by hand with a camel's hair brush. In her spare time, Miss Wood did some experiment-



ing. She bought cheap brushes at the dime store, found that if she steamed the bristles they would work just as well as the camel's hair, and eventually developed the device now in use in her department. It gilds the plates in one simple mechanical operation.

"Would you have gone to all that trouble," I asked her, "for an employer you didn't like?"

Miss Wood said of course not. "I guess there's not anybody in this plant," she added, "who wouldn't do just about anything on earth for Lew Reese."

To understand this extraordinary feeling which exists between employer and employees in the Scio Pottery, it is necessary to go back a few years and

## WALLY



(From July, 1934 A.L.M.)

retrace the steps they have taken together. In all American industry, there is probably no more inspiring story.

Lew Reese should be President of the United States, a lot of his friends think, and he unquestionably has the right kind of background to make a good candidate. He was born in a log cabin on a poor West Virginia farm, quit school when he was 14 to help support his family, and never owned a suit of clothes until he was 21. On his first job in a pottery he earned only 60 cents a day, but he was a rugged, courageous kid and often picked up an extra \$10 at country carnivals by going into the ring for a few rounds against professional boxers. A broken nose and crooked knuckles still attest to his early fistic adventures.

But Lew felt that pottery-making was a better trade than boxing, learned rapidly, and by the time World War I came along was a full-fledged jiggerman. He had just gotten married when he was drafted and assigned to the 18th Field Artillery of the Third Division. He saw a lot of action in France and his battery suffered such heavy casualties that, on one occasion, he found



# Taxes and Your Telephone

A considerable part of the money you pay for telephone service goes right out in taxes. In fact, the total telephone tax bill last year averaged \$2.70 per month for every Bell telephone in the country. It will be even higher this year.

Taxes are necessary . . . you couldn't run a city, state or nation without them. But they do mount up.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





himself with first sergeant's chevrons on his sleeves.

Lew didn't appreciate the honor a bit. He rebelled at the artificial distinctions which the Army placed between non-commissioned officers and privates. People, in his opinion, were just people—a view which he still holds. Consequently, he resolved to get busted at all costs, but didn't know just how to go about it. If he socked an officer, he might be sent to Leavenworth. If he went over the hill in the face of the enemy, he might face a firing squad. He finally solved the problem in a very easy way. He simply went out and got drunk, and the next day he was a buck private again.

Home from the war, Lew worked in various potteries in West Virginia and Ohio, and made a part-time occupation out of buying, remodeling and selling old houses. In this way, he accumulated a small amount of capital. At the same time, he took night courses in ceramics and was an active leader in his union. In 1927, he became a foreman for the Cronin China Company at New Cumberland, W. Va.

Then, on a momentous day in December, 1932, Lew went rabbit hunting with a group of friends in the vicinity of Scio. While there, they looked over an old pottery which had gone broke and been abandoned five years before. As a result of the company's failure, Scio was rapidly becoming a ghost town. Population had dropped from 1,200 to 400, local stores were closing down, and houses which had cost \$5,000 to build were selling for \$100.

As Lew inspected the deserted pottery, he realized that it would be an ideal place to try out certain ideas of his—ideas for producing cups and saucers faster and cheaper than anybody else in the country. He had offered these

ideas to his employers but they had been coldly received. Consequently, this rusty old plant looked like his big chance—if he could get hold of it.

Mortgaging everything he owned, Lew bought the pottery at a sheriff's sale for \$8,000—payable on the installment plan. A lot of people told him he was crazy to go into business in those depression times, but he didn't let that stop him. With six men employees—all but one of them are still with him—he moved into one corner of the old plant and set up a stove. The seven men worked 17 hours a day and slept and ate in the plant, subsisting largely on mush and chili con carne which helped them keep warm during a spell of bitterly cold weather.

After two months of backbreaking labor, Lew had makeshift kilns, jigs and conveyors set up in accordance with his ideas. Manufacturers of machinery which he needed extended credit and he was able to borrow two carloads of clay to start production. He had only 11 cents left when the time came for him to meet his first big payroll, but 20 townspeople put up the \$2,000 he had to have.

Right from the start, Lew's ideas worked. Because of manufacturing shortcuts which he introduced, he was able to make dishes more cheaply than his competitors and sell them at lower prices. He got all the orders he could handle. Also right from the start, he paid high wages and shared profits with his employees. At the end of the first year, all he could afford in the way of a Christmas bonus was a 30-cent box of chocolates for each worker. But by 1938 the Scio Pottery was grossing \$600,000 annually, and he distributed \$22,000 in one-dollar bills among his 500 employees.

That was nothing compared to what

was to come. As orders increased, he took on more and more employees and paid them larger and larger bonuses. In 1946, he divided a \$705,000 jackpot among 830 workers. Ninety men and women who had been with him for ten years or more got \$3,500 each. There was even \$10 for a man who had started work the previous day. Never anywhere else had pottery workers done so well financially as in Lew Reese's plant.

Several times, labor organizers attempted to enroll the Scio employees in unions. Being a former union man himself, Lew had nothing against them and told his employees they were at liberty to unionize if they wished to. But the employees rejected the idea. Why should they join a union, they asked, when they already were receiving more pay and more benefits than the union could offer them? When a few labor agitators were so persistent that they made pests of themselves, a group of husky employees literally ran them out of town.

Meanwhile, the whole community was undergoing a transformation. With jobs at the pottery available for everybody, people moved back into town; dilapidated houses were repainted; business boomed. In his open-handed way, Lew contributed cash to improve the town's roads; erected a hospital; built tennis courts near the plant; helped the two churches; and, in 1947, put up \$8,000 to buy a home for American Legion Post 482 of which he is a life member. Instead of being a dying town, Scio became a quite lively one.

On December 11, 1947, catastrophe struck. Lew had gone to Pittsburgh to buy gifts and make other arrangements for a mammoth Christmas party for his employees and their families. He was placing an order for several hundred tricky leather billfolds in which the men workers were to be given their bonus checks when he was notified by telephone that the pottery plant was on fire.

Just 75 minutes later, despite heavy traffic and icy roads, Lew roared into Scio in his big car. He found his beloved plant reduced to a twisted steel skeleton and smouldering ashes. Flames from an overheated pipe above a kiln had ignited a wooden roof, a high wind had spread the fire, and, despite the efforts of firemen from eight neighboring towns, the whole pottery had gone up in smoke.

As Lew alighted from his car, a great crowd of stunned and despairing employees and townsfolk was waiting for him. Many of them were weeping. Everyone knew that the plant had not been insured because it had presented so many fire hazards that premium rates would have been prohibitively high. With the loss of the pottery many



"Oh, yes, and I emptied the ashtray . . ."



in the crowd foresaw the loss of their jobs and a return to the bleak days of 1932. Others wept because they felt so sorry for Lew. How must he feel to see everything he'd worked for wiped out in an afternoon?

A reporter shouldered his way up to him. "What do you intend to do, Mr. Reese?" he asked.

"Do?" replied Lew. "Hell, we'll build her up again, better than ever. That's what we'll do. It's pretty late now, but we'll start first thing in the morning."

Word of what he had said spread rapidly through the crowd. It had an electrical effect. If Lew said the pottery could be rebuilt then, by God, it could be. Standing out there in the icy wind beside the ruins of their plant, more than a thousand people cheered until they were hoarse.

Accounts of how Lew Reese's employees and the townspeople of Scio rebuilt the plant stirred the nation at the time. The day after the fire, everybody in the community tackled the job of clearing away the still smoking rubble with shovels and wheelbarrows. The bank president, the superintendent of schools, the town dentist, the Methodist minister, the tavern keeper, housewives and school children were among those who joined the army of volunteers. The Ladies Aid Society and the Legion Auxiliary provided sandwiches and buckets of hot coffee as the work proceeded from daylight until long after dark. The Pennsylvania Railroad lent a hand by providing empty coal cars to haul the debris away.

Within 48 hours the clean-up work had been done and reconstruction was under way. Engineers estimated it would take at least six months to rebuild the pottery and get it back into operation, but Lew figured it could be done in two months. Everybody was eager to help him meet that goal. Individual employees and townsfolk tried to press their life savings on him. He wouldn't take a nickel of their money, but was compelled to use for rebuilding \$350,000 he had set aside for that year's Christmas bonus. When that ran out, he borrowed from the Scio Bank Company and the Central National Bank of Cleveland. Another large bank sent a telegram to Lew saying that its resources were at his command, and seven large chain stores that had sold the bulk of his cups and saucers each offered to put up \$50,000, but he didn't find it necessary to accept their offers.

Other big concerns came to his aid. The Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, the Wheeling Steel Company, the Great Lakes Steel Company, and the Weirton Steel Company went out of their way to provide structural steel, sheeting and pipe which were then in very short supply. Westinghouse Electric dug up



## From where I sit *by* Joe Marsh

### Whitey Sure "Rang the Bell"

Telephone woke me out of a sound sleep last Friday night about eleven-thirty. "This is Whitey Fisher out on River Road," says a voice. "I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed this week's *Clarion*."

"Thanks, Whitey," I told him. "But why in blazes call to tell me at this time of night?" "Simple," he says, "your paper boy just delivered it a short while ago. Been waiting for that paper all evening."

Next day, Buzzy Wilson tells me he delivered Whitey's paper late because he stayed for the high school dance and thought it would be OK to drop it off on his way home.

*From where I sit, I can't blame Whitey for his little joke. He was just reminding me we owe other people the same respect we expect from them. Since I'm always talking about respecting the other fellow's rights—including his right to enjoy a glass of beer if he chooses, it was only fair that Whitey should "wake me up" to his right to get his copy of the Clarion on time. Thanks again, Whitey!*

*Joe Marsh*



400 badly needed motors and other electrical equipment. A Lions Club sent concrete blocks and a large tobacco company contributed several cartons of chewing tobacco to put more "push" into the volunteers back of the wheelbarrows.

But it was the little people of Scio, people with long memories, who were Lew's best friends in his hour of need. Day after day in zero temperatures, they worked until they were ready to drop. Jiggermen erected structural steel, ware-dressers became plumbers, warehousemen and shipping clerks poured concrete. Women machine operators and stenographers laid sheet metal roofing in icy weather which froze many a finger.

Rapidly a new plant rose phoenixlike out of the ashes of the old one. In just over 60 days, 1,811 tons of steel were put in place and 282,000 square feet of floor space enclosed. Five days before the deadline Lew had set, the first of the pottery's four kilns was relighted and on the day itself, February 13th, production was resumed. Lew received congratulations from all over America and the State Department, in its Voice of America broadcasts, told the whole world about the miracle which had taken place in little Scio.

The miracle, as I have indicated, has been a continuing one. With their new plant, Lew and his employees have been able to produce more pottery than before—and for the last five years they have kept right on doing things for one another.

Because of the heavy losses which he incurred in the fire, Lew could not afford to pay bonuses for four years, but in 1950 he gave every employee a

substantial pay boost. The minimum wage is now \$1.47 an hour for men and \$1.40 for women. Then, last Christmas, Lew chartered a special train and took his whole working force to Pittsburgh for a big Yule party. When everybody was seated at a sumptuous banquet in the grand ballroom of the Hotel William Penn, he passed out special cash Christmas gifts "from the boss" averaging \$250 per employee.

During the last few years, Lew has done many other things for his workers. Everyone on his payroll now owns a group life insurance policy. In case of illness or accident, they are assured of medical care and hospitalization if they need it. If an employee wishes to build a home near the pottery, Lew will give him a fine building lot free. As I said before, he has even installed two live bears, which are housed in a miniature zoo near the entrance of the plant, for the amusement of his employees and their children. He has also put in a museum. It is stocked largely with stuffed bears, deer, wolves and other game which Lew has bagged on hunting trips, but perhaps the most popular exhibit is a gigantic St. Bernard dog which weighed 250 pounds when alive.

Lew has also arranged it so that his workers can have music any time they want it. This was accomplished by connecting a juke box to the loudspeaker system. Almost every day, girl employees dance together to the latest jazz. It is another custom in this amazing plant for women employees to bring candle-bedecked cakes to work when they have birthdays. Their fellow-workers sing "Happy Birthday" to them and give them small presents. Instead of frowning on such festivities on the job,

Lew encourages them. A happy worker, he knows, is a good worker.

Perhaps the greatest of all the gifts which Lew bestows on his employees are unfailing tolerance and understanding. When disputes arise in the plant they are invariably settled right at his desk. He never fires anybody, because he discovered that if a worker can't get along at one job he can at another. Lew patiently transfers him from place to place until he finds a niche where he really fits in. On his payroll right now, I learned, are several former "incorrigibles" whom he took out of prison on parole. Under his sympathetic and intelligent handling, they have developed into self-respecting craftsmen and fine citizens.

The loyalty and affection which the employees give Lew Reese in return for his generous treatment are as boundless today as they were five years ago when they stood by him in his hour of trial. This was witnessed, as I pointed out in the beginning, by their reactions to his recent suggestion that he might sell the plant. He means more to them than possible future benefits. What may happen to the pottery in years to come is much less important to them than keeping Uncle Lew as their boss now.

They have demonstrated their love for him in many other ways. Virtually everything in his office was a gift from his employees. His desk, his bookcases, his television set, his hunting rifles and shotguns—all these things and many others were presented to him by his big family. Last winter when he became run-down from overwork, the employees passed the hat and insisted on sending him to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for a vacation. They even provided him with a purse for playing the races while he was there.

One of the last employees I talked with during my visit to the pottery was Ed Onslow who, you may remember, used to hold down first base for the Washington Senators in the years when Walter Johnson was throwing his famous fireball for that club. Ed has been working for Lew Reese a good many years and I asked him, as I had a lot of other employees, what he thought about the way the Scio Pottery is operated.

Ed gave me the kind of look with which he no doubt used to appraise opposing pitchers and thought about my question for quite a while before he replied.

"I'll tell you what I think," he said, "I think it is out of this world!"

As I left Scio I was in complete agreement with Ed Onslow. But I felt it was rather a pity. If there were more industries like Lew Reese's Scio Pottery in this world, the world would be a much happier place.

THE END



"I looked out the window and there was this big buck . . . I took a shot, Irv took a shot, and Benny took a shot and that was the end of another bottle of bourbon."



## Never Bet On The Olympics

(Continued from page 23)

McKenley was another he-can't-miss guy, the most prohibitive favorite in the London show. He had hammered down the 440-yard record to an incredible 46 seconds flat and the 400-meter record to 45.9. So fleet of foot was he that he was under 47 seconds in every race he ran that year.

The American-trained collegian from Jamaica had once made a statement. It was this: "Once I go around that last turn into the homestretch in the lead, nobody is going to beat me." It was not said in vainglory. It was a simple and well-proved exposition of fact.

And Hustling Herbert hit the homestretch in the lead in the Olympic final. It wasn't a trifling lead, either. It was four full yards over his fellow Jamaican, Arthur Wint. But Wint, a giant of a man, was wearing his most fashionable seven-league boots. With his nine-foot stride, he cut McKenley down to win by two yards in the Olympic record-equaling time of 46.2 seconds.

Heino was as sure of victory in the 10,000 as McKenley had appeared to be in the 400. If he missed—and he couldn't miss—there were a couple of other Finns in the race to take over the Olympic crown. Yet Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia ran so fast that he virtually chased the Finns right out of the ball park. Heino quit in exhaustion. A moment later Evert Heinström, another Finn, collapsed. And the third Finn, Saalomon Kononen, was so used up he couldn't even beat the Americans. You know of course, that Americans never have been good at distance events.

The Swedes had the sure-pop victor of the 1,500 in Strand, a 4:01-or-thereabouts miler. But it came up rain and the sticky track was hardly suited to an elfin-footed performer like Strand. Strength was more important than speed and the strength was found in Henri Eriksson, another Swede, who never had beaten Strand in his life. But he beat him this day and became the Olympic champion.

Before the high jump was held, one of the American competitors remarked, "If we don't finish one-two-three, we should be kicked all the way around Piccadilly Circus." No one thought to kick them around Piccadilly Circus but they sure were eligible for it. A relatively unknown Australian, John Winter, triumphed as two Americans tied for third and the other went unplaced.

But please don't get the impression that the 1948 games cornered the Olympic upset market. This same silly business has been thriving ever since the ancient sports festival was revived at Athens in 1896 after a lapse of fifteen

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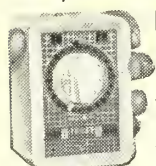
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centuries. Brimful of pride in its renewal, the Greek hosts had little hope of scoring any victories, except in two events. But these events were linked by tradition to the golden glories of ancient Greece through Discobolus and through Pheidippides who ran from Marathon to Athens with his immortal message, "Rejoice. We conquer." These events were the discus throw and marathon. The marathon they won. The discus they didn't.

Bob Garrett of Princeton had never seen a real discus until he reached Athens for the Olympics. He'd practiced with a homemade one at college, guessing at its size and dimensions. But he was to find the genuine article lighter and far easier to handle. So he won without the slightest bit of difficulty, a rather astonishing trick for a novice.

Perhaps the most stunning of all Olympic upsets was to come a decade later when the Olympics returned to Athens. When the American team was being chosen it was felt that the 400 and 800 meter events could be well handled by such stars as Harry Hillman, the defending 400-meter Olympic champion; Jim Lightbody, the defending 800-meter champion, and such other American standouts as Fay Moulton and Charlie Bacon.

There certainly was no need to include on the team a promising schoolboy from the New York A. C. by the name of Paul Pilgrim. Money was scarce and that settled it. Pilgrim was left off the team. But he scraped together enough to pay his own expenses and the authorities reluctantly let him come along. It's just as well that they did.

For a guy who was in the Olympic Games on the equivalent of a raincheck, Pilgrim did slightly better than all right.

Not only did he win the 400 to the vast astonishment of everyone but he left them completely flabbergasted by winning the 800 as well.

Or how would you like to try this one on for size? In that same Olympics one of our finest long distance runners, George Bonhag, saw his dream of Olympic victory shattered in the five-mile run. As his unhappy eyes scanned the official program in a search for another event he could enter, his gaze stopped at the line which read: 1,500-meter walk.

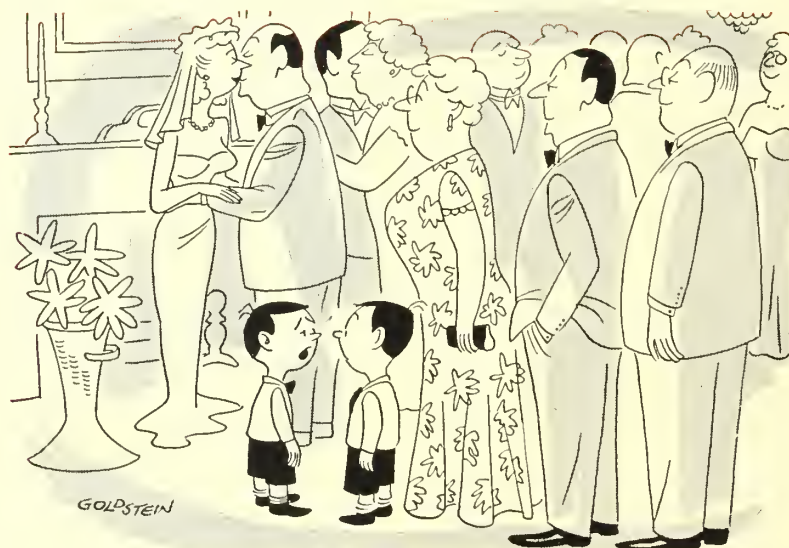
"What can I lose?" said George to himself and entered it in spite of the fact that he never had been in a walking race in his life. Other walkers went through their fancy gyrations, edging closer and closer to the dividing line between walking and running. But Bonhag, who didn't know any better, just hiked uncomplainingly along, much surprised to discover that the field of his rivals was diminishing fast.

The officials, led by Prince George of Greece who was a massive man at 6-foot-5, kept disqualifying one after another for illegal walking. The Prince tried to wave off the track for illegal pedestrianism, the favored Wilkinson, but the favorite breezed right past him. On the next lap, however, His Royal Highness stood in the middle of the track with his huge arms outstretched to block the way.

"Leave! You have finished!" he roared in English. Wilkinson got the idea. He left.

Pretty soon Bonhag was almost alone. He tried hard to keep from laughing as he crossed the finish line an Olympic champion.

Of all the Olympic titles ever put up for grabs, though, it is to be doubted that the United States ever had a firm-



"We're trapped. This isn't the food line."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



er hold on any of them than the 1,500-meter crown at Stockholm in 1912. This was still during that era before the entries of any one nation were limited to three men whose names had to be filed for a specific event long in advance.

So we used the saturation method by qualifying seven men for the final. Beyond any question they were the seven best milers in the world. There was Peerless Mel Sheppard, the defending champion. There were John Paul Jones, Norman Taber, Abel Kiviat, Oscar Hedlund and Bill McClure and Lon Madeira, all strictly top flight.

The only element of doubt was not whether an American would win but which American would win. What made it so intriguing was the fact that they all were "racers" rather than "runners." They'd been educated for the most part in bristling indoor competition where strategy is so important and where the race doesn't always go to the swift but to the smart.

It was a jockeying duel as expected with young Kiviat barrelling into the lead with a lap to go, trailed closely by Jones and Taber. But just as they neared the tape they discovered that something new had been added. It was Arnold Strode Jackson, a tall Englishman with the emphasis on the Strode. He strode past them all to victory.

Nor was this the only stunner of the meet. Sheppard, the Peerless One, had triumphed in both the 800 and the 1,500 four years before. But he not only lost the 1,500. He also lost the 800. His conqueror was Ted Meredith, who now is a track immortal. But in those days he was a relatively unknown schoolboy from Mercersburg Academy, who was supposed to act as a stalking horse.

His assignment was to set the pace for Sheppard. But Peerless Mel unac-

countably jumped into the lead at the gun and thus became the schoolboy's stalking horse. Meredith nailed him right on the wire.

Of all the Olympic teams that America ever sent abroad it is to be doubted that any one ever produced



"Please, Sonya, Pravda said today was going to be fair and mild!"  
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

less in relation to great expectations than the 1928 group. Yet our foot-racing forces came perilously close to being shut out entirely. It took an upset to save them.

On the team that year was a square-shouldered, square-jawed football player from Syracuse University, Ray Barbuti. He wasn't much of a runner but he sure was a whale of a competitor. The tougher the going the better he liked it. That's why he had built up a

reputation as a relay runner. When he took the baton on the anchor leg, he could eat up enemy leads or protect his own. But he was only a relay runner not an individual star—until the Olympic year rolled around.

Then canny Tom Keane, his coach, sent him after the intercollegiate quarter-mile championship against runners with far more glowing reputations. The grimly determined and purposeful Barbuti beat 'em all. He took aim at the National A.A.U. championship (which also was the final Olympic try-out) and it came up rain and mud.

The powerfully built Barbuti wallowed to victory past fellows whose reputations had caught the headlines which had eluded him. But he didn't care. He trained so hard that his rival quarter-milers snickered at him in open disdain. Ha, ha. It was a laugh that a truck-horse like Barbuti could aspire to Olympic glory. Then one day on the track at Amsterdam, big Ray overheard a disparaging remark.

With blazing eyes he walked over to where the other quarter-milers were gathered. His jaw jutted. They grew strangely quiet.

"Listen to me, you baboons," he roared and added a few picturesque adjectives which curled their hair. "You guys can laugh at me all you want. But there's one thing I want you to understand now. I'm gonna win the Olympic 400-meter championship."

The 190-pounder glared at them, his fists pressed against his hips. No one said a word. He walked away. When the final of the 400 came only Barbuti and Hernan Phillips had qualified among the Americans and it was Barbuti who fled into the homestretch first.

But just as he neared the tape Jimmy Ball of Canada came charging up with

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an invincible rush. However, the fighting qualities which had brought big Ray that far were not going to desert him. Ball was travelling too fast to be beaten by ordinary means. So Barbuti used extraordinary ones. In a last effort to stave off defeat, Ray dived headlong across the finish line, skidding into the redinders beyond. He didn't even notice his lacerated flesh, however. Barbuti had won his Olympic championship. His margin was inches but he'd won.

In many respects the Amsterdam Games were productive of upsets all the way. America was solid in the sprints with Wykoff, a youthful sensation; Bob McAllister, the famed "Flying Cop," a policeman who was considered virtually invincible, and Charlie Borah, another invincible. But a 19-year-old kid from Canada, Percy Williams, zoomed to victory not only in the 100 but the 200 as well.

Supposedly we had the best hurdlers in the world. Yet Sid Atkinson of South Africa won the 110-meter test and Lord Burghley, the heir to one of Britain's most aristocratic earldoms, won the 400-meter timber-topping. We were strong in the 800 but Doug Lowe of Britain triumphed. We were strong in the 1,500 but Harry Larva of Finland not only beat Lloyd Hahn and Ray Conger, our hopefuls, but Jules Ladoumègue of France, the holder of the world mile record. And to top it all off Willie Ritola vanquished the immortal Paavo Nurmi, like him a Finn, at 5,000 meters.

In peering back through history one discovers that the British have probably produced more upsets to the square inch than any other nation. They go at track with the same dogged determination they have gone at everything else, losing every battle but the last one. Rarely do they rank high in the performance charts as they muddle along. Yet they keep hitting that jackpot when it is at its fullest.

Take, for example, the 100-meter sprint at the 1924 Olympics in Paris. We had the four best men in the world, starting with famed Charlie Paddock, first to be called "the world's fastest human." We also had Jackson Scholz and Chet Bowman and Loren Murchison. How could anyone beat them?

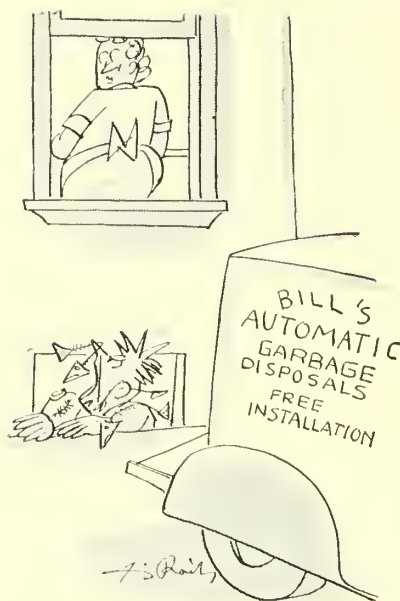
Someone did, though. He was Harold Abrahams—an Englishman, of course. However, lightning did not strike twice for him. He didn't win the 200 as well. That was destined in advance for Paddock, who had won the 100 at Antwerp four years previously but had been upset in the 200. This time he couldn't be upset. Oh, no? Scholz upset him.

The deeper a fellow studies this upset business the more fascinated he gets by it. Let's look back to Paddock in

the 200 at Antwerp in 1920. It's well worth the look.

The race was to be between Paddock and Murchison. The experts were positive of that. No one paid any attention to Allen Woodring of Syracuse University. He had failed to qualify for the team in the official trials but was added to the squad as an afterthought.

No one worked harder in practice than Woodring. In fact, he worked so hard that he wore out his shoes. They split under the strain of constant use and Allen was terrified. He knew it was too late to get through an order for a new pair in time. And then when he



"You've been without one of these for 20 years, mind waiting another 10 minutes?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

borrowed a pair he was even more terrified. They had spikes that were almost twice as long as the ones he'd been wearing.

"Gosh," he said when he looked at them. "These will trip me up and I'll fall flat on my face. What in the world will I do? I haven't time enough to file them down. I guess I'll just have to wear them."

Little did he realize that Dame Fortune was working for him in secret. She opened up some clouds and the track was drenched. In that soggy underfooting the extra long spikes were perfect. Woodring flew away from everyone, including Paddock. Once again a man in the Olympics on a rain-check was to win a championship.

It's been going that way ever since Baron Pierre de Coubertin revived the Olympic Games in time for the 1896 show. And it will continue in that fashion until some latter-day Emperor Theodosius halts them by imperial de-

creed just as the first one did in 394 A.D.

It is impossible to gather together some 5,000 athletes from all over the world and have the form charts hold true in every instance. The United States can't even be sure that any given athlete will even make the American Olympic team, so bristling is the competition.

The only prediction that is safe is that more than one world record-holder will fail to qualify for the trip to Helsinki and that far more than one world record holder will fail to win an Olympic championship when he gets there. That holds true not only for our homegrown heroes but for the foreign ones as well.

The Olympics are full of upsets and of the dramatic stories of unknowns sweeping to victory. No one had ever heard of Corobus of Elis until he became the first Olympic champion in 776 B.C. The Olympic Games haven't changed a bit in the interim. The upset is the rule rather than the exception.

THE END

## Olympic And World Records

Event	Olympic Record	World Record
100 meters	10.3	10.2
200 meters	20.7	20.2
400 meters	46.2	45.8
800 meters	1:49.2	1:46.6
1,500 meters	3:47.8	3:43
5,000 meters	14:17.6	13:58.2
10,000 meters	29:59.6	29:02.6
110m hurdles	13.9	13.6
400m hurdles	51.1	50.6
High jump	6-7-15/16	6-11
Broad jump	26-5-5/16	26-8-1/4
Hop, step, jump	52-5-7/8	52-5-7/8
Pole vault	14-3-1/4	15-7-3/4
Discus	173-2	186-11
Javelin	238-7	258-2-3/8
Shot	56-2	58-10-1/2
Hammer	186-4-3/16	196-5-1/2

Note—Although most Olympic records are world records when made, the quadrennial Games never can keep pace with steady competition. In the above table of Olympic records here are the years when made:

1932—100, 400 and javelin; 1936—200, 1,500, high jump, broad jump, hop-step-jump, pole vault and hammer; 1948—100 (tie), 400 (tie), 800, 5,000, 10,000, both hurdles, discus, hammer. World records were made as follows: 1934—400-meter hurdles; 1935—broad jump; 1936—100 and hop, step and jump; 1938—javelin; 1939—800; 1941—high jump; 1942—pole vault and 5,000; 1944—1,500; 1948—110m hurdles; 1949—200 and discus; 1950—400, 10,000, shot and hammer.



## How To Finish And Refinish Wood

(Continued from page 27)

consistency to brush. Wood with coarse pores will require a thicker filler than wood with small pores. Three pounds of filler to one quart is correct for mahogany, while walnut can use a slightly thinner filler (about 2 pounds per quart of solvent).

To apply the filler, use a fairly stiff brush. Brushing is done with the grain, in order to pack the filler into the pores of the wood. In from five to twenty minutes, the filler will start to lose its wet appearance. As soon as spots begin to flat out, take a piece of burlap or a handful of hair and pad the filler into the pores. Clean off the surplus filler by wiping across the grain; and finish wiping with clean rags, stroking with the grain. If the filler sets up too hard for easy wiping, moisten the wiping rag with benzene.

Inspect the entire project thoroughly. If the pores are not filled level, apply a second coat of slightly thinner filler immediately, wiping off in the same way. Paste filler should dry in from twelve to twenty-four hours unless it is a fast-drying type, which is ready for coating in three to four hours. In any case, it is of the greatest importance that the filler be bone dry before any other coating is applied. The dry filler should be sanded lightly with 5-0 garnet and wiped off with a rag moistened with benzene.

Whether or not to seal the filler is largely a matter of preference. The same applies to sealing the stain coat before applying the filler, except in the case of softwoods, such as fir, which must be sealed before staining. Generally it is good practice to seal both stain and filler on first class work. For this work, a special resin sealer is best for the job, but for many pro's shellac is the stand-by—white shellac for light finishes and orange shellac for browns and mahoganies. The shellac is first reduced with alcohol (4 to 1 for filler sealer; 7 to 1 for sealer), after which the shellac is poured slowly into an equal amount or less of mixing lacquer. This mixture brushes more easily than straight shellac, is almost waterproof and dries to recoat in about two hours. Any type of sealer coat over the filler should be sanded with 6/0 paper when dry, after which the work is ready for finishing coats of varnish or lacquer.

Varnish makes an excellent transparent finish on wood, being unequaled for depth and possessing good durability and hardness. It brushes easily to a perfectly smooth film and dries to recoat in from 24 to 48 hours. In general, varnish consists of capal gums and linseed oil mixed with turpentine to brush-

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ing consistency. Most of the quick-drying types of merit are based on synthetic gums and are really in a class by themselves, although commonly described as varnish. Each of these types is manufactured for some specific purpose but generally they are not as good as long-drying types.

Varnishing should be done in a dust-free room where the temperature is between 70 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Some craftsmen prefer to sprinkle the floor with water to settle any dust that may be there. Spread the varnish on as it comes from the can—evenly with long strokes, first with the grain, then across grain, and then with the grain. As varnish is slow-drying, thinned shellac is often used for the sealer coat. The shellac dries quickly and does not soak into the wood, thus speeding up the drying of the varnish.

A good varnished surface requires three or four coats. Rub each coat down with fine steel wool or very fine sandpaper, after letting the varnish dry for at least forty-eight hours. Remove all dust from the surface, after sanding, by rubbing with a lint free cloth which has been moistened with turpentine or use a chamois dampened with water. Pumice and oil, followed with rottenstone and oil, will produce a finely polished surface.

Shellac makes a good finish for many pieces of furniture. But it should not be used on furniture subjected to warm food dishes, beverages, perfume, etc. It is hard, quite easy to apply, dries in a few hours, and does not require a dust-proofing.

Shellac dries very quickly and one must work fast with it or it will become tacky and hard to handle. Never apply shellac over a damp surface, for

the moisture will cause the shellac to cloud. Brush with the grain of the wood and do not brush too much. For best results, dilute the shellac with alcohol. It is easier to apply thinned shellac and (unless you are experienced in applying it unthinned), you will generally get a better finished surface. Several coats of thin shellac are best for a well-finished surface.

Standard shellac ordinarily dries hard in about eight hours, although thinned shellac dries in three or four hours, ready for sanding. Go over with 5/0 or 6/0 sandpaper or 2-0 fine steel wool after each coat of shellac has dried. Sandpaper with the grain of the wood. After each sanding, brush the surface and rub with a cloth dampened with benzine to remove the dust before applying another coat. The final rubbing or polishing should be done with FF pumice stone and rubbing oil, using a felt pad.

Water-clear stain lacquer is a practically colorless liquid and does not discolor the wood. It is clearer than linseed oil, shellac or varnish. Lacquer is one of the easiest of all treatments for the novice to use. Three coats, with 48 hours between each coat, and sanding between each, is the usual procedure. Apply a gloss lacquer for the first two coats, then a flat type for the third to give extra body.

A popular finishing coat for varnish, lacquer or shellac is that obtained by rubbing the varnished surface with pumice or rottenstone. Mix the pumice with either water or linseed oil and use a felt pad to rub the paste over the finished surface. Rub with the grain. Use pumice with oil on shellac finish; do not use water. Rub until the desired finish is obtained. Rottenstone is much



"It isn't that I think you stack the cards, Ed—I just want to give the law of averages a chance!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



finer than pumice and is used in the same manner. It produces a finer finish and is usually used following a rubbing with pumice.

Practically all of the so-called blond finishes are produced by first bleaching the wood to remove its natural color. Bleaching is done with a commercial chemical solution consisting of two separate solutions which are mixed together and used immediately. As all bleaching solutions are highly corrosive, they should be handled carefully and applied with rubber gloves. Use a sponge to swab the solution on the wood and see that you wet the entire surface evenly. One application of bleach is usually sufficient although, in any case, it's a good idea to make a test on a wood sample. Let the bleach stand and dry for 48 hours. After bleaching, almost any color desired can be had by giving the wood a coat of diluted stain.

Not all blond finishes are secured by bleaching and many light colored woods are more successfully blonded by toning. This is accomplished by spraying the bare wood with a semi-transparent undercoat to lighten the wood; it does not obscure the grain, being almost as clear as water. Toner is made by adding white lacquer, one part, to clear flat lacquer, five parts. In the case of oak and mahogany, the toner should be made with tan-colored lacquer instead of white. Whether bleached or toned, the wood surface must be sealed with a wash coat of shellac, after which the regular schedule of filler and top coats completes the finish.

For painted furniture, you have a wide choice of finishes to select from—such as a semigloss paint that produces a satin finish, gloss paint that produces a lustrous finish, an enamel that produces a high gloss. The choice is up to you, as any of these types of finish will be found satisfactory in appearance and wearing quality.

Before starting the finishing operation, the surfaces must be sandpapered smooth, and they must be free of all toolmarks. All hardware such as pulls, catches and latches must be removed while the work of finishing is being done.

After sanding has been completed, apply a coat of white primer regardless of the ultimate color of the cabinets. Under enamel, it is well to use enamel undercoater as a primer. If plywood was used, apply a coat of plywood resin to all surfaces before priming.

When the priming coat has dried, all nail holes, cracks or dents that were not previously removed should be filled with putty or some other type of crack filler. The filler should be allowed to dry; then sandpaper the surfaces lightly

with No. 2/0 wet or dry or other water-proof paper. Moistening the abrasive paper with water will help to keep the dust down. When sanding has been completed, the work should be dusted with a soft dust brush and then gone over with a cloth moistened with turpentine to pick up any particles of dust that may have remained. The second coat of primer or undercoater may now be applied. When dry, the final coat of flat, semi-gloss, or glossy white or colored finish is applied.

If you wish to finish your furniture with colored lacquer, it is advisable to use only spray equipment. When lacquer is used, lacquer sealer should be applied in place of the primer and should be followed by several spray applications of color lacquer. When purchasing the lacquer material do not mix brands. Use the sealer recommended by the maker of the lacquer that is to be used.

Much old furniture needs to be refinished. However, all too often an old finish is condemned because of its doubtful appearance, when actually it might be revived. Many old pieces of furniture need only to be cleaned or have their surface repaired.

A good solution for washing furniture is one quart of hot water, one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonfuls of boiled linseed oil. The

turpentine helps to cut the dirt, and the oil lubricates, feeds and polishes the wood. Keep this mixture hot in a double boiler while using. First, rub the wood with a soft cloth wet with the solution, then polish it with a dry cloth. Use the solution on only one section of the piece at a time. If desired, use furniture polish or wax after this cleaning.

Some pieces may need additional treatment to remove all of the old dirt, or to remove white spots. Some form of friction must be used with the linseed oil to lubricate and to prevent scratching the wood. For friction, use very fine steel wool or pumice powder. Keep the wood or powder wet with oil as you rub it over the surface with a cloth or felt pad, or with the pads of the hand. On carvings, use an old toothbrush or nail brush to remove the dirt from deep crevices. Thoroughly remove all traces of the oil and pumice or steel particles with soft dry cloths until no finger marks show.

Surface marks, such as a white ring left by a glass, a burn from a cigarette, a scratch, dent, or deep gouge, can be repaired without a complete refinishing job. But before you start the repair job, find out what finish is on the piece. Make your tests on a small hidden section. If alcohol dissolves the finish, it is shellac. Turpentine softens varnish or

(Continued on page 57)

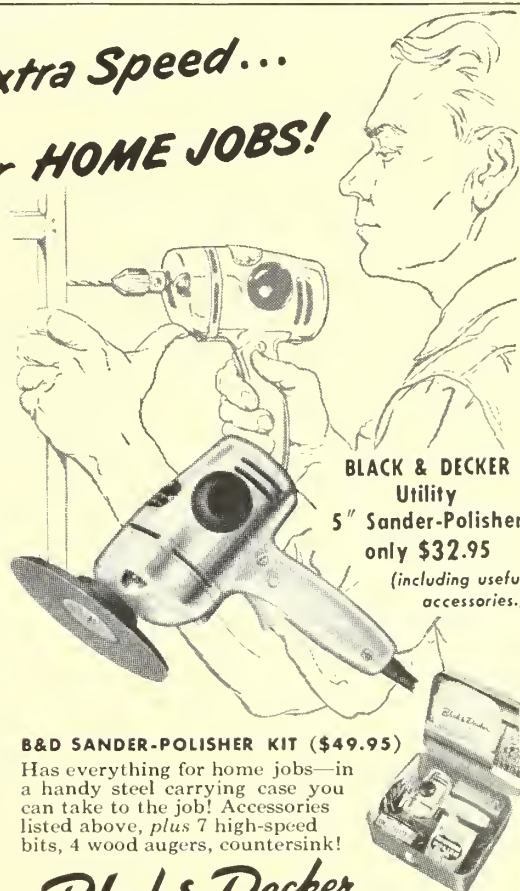
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**WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PINT OF BLOOD YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE?**



(Continued from page 55)  
 paint. Lacquer thinner affects only lacquer.

To remove hairline cracks or surface scratches, the finish can be softened so it runs together. Spread on turpentine (for varnish) or denatured alcohol (for shellac) or lacquer thinner (for lacquer) with a small brush. Let it dry for forty-eight hours; rub with rottenstone and water, then wax.

Marks that go through the finish and into the wood such as deep scratches or bad cigarette burns call for more work. First, scrape it clean with a knife, especially if the wood is burned. After scraping, rub lightly over the blemish with a strip of 6/0 sandpaper to complete the smoothing. Then fill it with plastic wood almost level with the surface. (Shallow depressions can be filled with repeated coats of varnish or thin shellac, depending on the finish).

After the filler dries, fill the marks with stick shellac selected to match the finish. Heat a knife blade, melt off a little of the shellac with it and press the soft shellac into the depression. Trim the patch flush with the surface with a razor blade and sand it lightly. The patch can then be refinished by pouring a little varnish stain or clear varnish on a lintless cloth pad. On top of this, apply a few drops of ordinary lubricating oil and rub the mixture onto the patched area. To complete the job, rub down the finish surface lightly with a felt pad dipped first in rubbing oil or water, then in a fine powdered abrasive such as rottenstone. Rub this mixture with the wood grain. A final cleanup with carbon tetrachloride removes all traces of the oil and abrasive. After the cleanup, the surface is ready for a finishing coat of wax.

The best way to repair an enamel scratch is with some of the original enamel, dripped in with a toothpick. After the enamel dries, rub it down with rottenstone. Another treatment is to fill the depression with a wax crayon matching the enamel color, followed by wax polish.

To remove heat and alcohol rings, moisture stains, etc., mix a thick paste of powdered rottenstone and paraffin oil or linseed oil. Apply it to the damaged surface with a soft cloth and rub with the grain of the wood until the ring or stain disappears. Clean the surfaces with carbon tetrachloride and then wax and buff to polish.

To repair loose veneer, first remove the finish from the area and steam the veneer with an iron and a wet cloth to make it pliable. Scrape out the old glue with a scrap of sandpaper. Next work new glue in with a spatula or wire and clamp the surface or cover it with a pile of books until the glue sets. Then sand lightly with 6/0 sandpaper, wipe on

varnish and oil, rub with rottenstone and wax.

When the old finish is very badly damaged, the only solution left is to re-finish it. The best and most harmless method of doing this is to use a good commercial paint and varnish remover.

To start, apply the remover liberally on the surface with a cheap two-inch brush. Be careful not to spill it on your skin or any fabric. Do not brush it back and forth or work it in. Never cover the entire surface in one operation. Do about 1½ to 2 square feet at a time. Wait until the surface bubbles up,



"Hasn't anyone written a war novel about the kind of soldiers who win good conduct medals?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

blisters and then remove crumbled varnish with a three-inch scraper holding it away from you and pushing firmly with the grain. Do not apply too much pressure or you may gouge the wood. Dispose of the loosened varnish at once as it is inflammable. Repeat, applying the remover and scraping until the surface is clean of the old finish. Use scraper for flat surfaces only. On carved or curved surfaces, remove the first layer of crumbling finish with a small piece of burlap. A stiff wire brush, such as is used for cleaning suede, will be a help in cleaning all traces of the old finish, or an old toothbrush may be used if the carving is particularly intricate.

After the last traces of the old finish have been removed, saturate a soft cloth in denatured alcohol and wipe the surface thoroughly. This not only cleans the traces of remover from the surface but neutralizes its further action. The piece should be sandpapered completely and a new finish applied in the same manner as new wood.

THE END

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# He Lobbies Against Communism

(Continued from page 15)

dle-aged American business man. Beyond his business circle, a small group of old China hands, and an even smaller group of long-time, militant anti-communists, few other Americans knew his name. And even among his professional colleagues and personal associates, few knew him really well. He is a man adept at protective coloring. Short and solid, he is faintly rotund, and while he is now 65 years of age he looks no more than 50. A friend of fairly recent vintage, noting the fringe of brown hair, the thick dark brows, remarked one day on his "premature" baldness.

"I've been bald since my 20's," Kohlberg told him. "You might say I lost my hair before I really had it."

Although he is quite well-to-do, he is indifferent to externals and dislikes any kind of fuss or show. He has extraordinary poise and coolness and a dry, crackling, subtly sarcastic wit as well as the unusual ability of making his personality felt as a strong, vital force even when he is merely sitting quiet, listening. In an argument he starts mildly enough, develops his point of view deftly and surely, and then waits for the proper moment to demolish an opponent's stand with one piece of indubitable fact, presented with sweet reasonableness. Like a child's plastic toy, loaded at the base, he cannot be toppled, no matter how far he is pushed.

Nor will he compromise on a principle. Once he has determined the principle at issue, nothing will change him. Nor does he ever weaken his position by admitting flaws on his side. He doesn't belong, for instance, to the "I-

agree-with-you-but" school. One long-time friend said of him: "Alfred doesn't make the mistake of being a liberal who dilutes his views. He keeps a kind of narrow militancy about them which strengthens them beyond measure. He's a man of firm convictions—not merely opinions—a natural-born fighter."

Another friend describes him as "one part mountain cat, one part limpet, and one part bloodhound." The non-zoological part of him—the quiet-spoken, mild-seeming, conventional gentleman—is what confuses the individuals who have tried to pat him into purring submission and felt his claws. "He just doesn't seem like the man who writes that stuff," said one bewildered victim trying to reconcile the letter on his desk with its bland, courteous author who was walking briskly away from their first personal encounter. "He's so gentle, so polite."

Until about 10 years ago, however, most of Kohlberg's energies were devoted to his business—the importing of Chinese textiles and embroidered linens and handkerchiefs. It is a business he began in San Francisco, his birthplace, after University of California and a brief career in job printing. The man is gifted with a daring practicality, a willingness to try anything, and sympathetic understanding of other minds, which he has been able to put to good use in commerce. He built up a real cottage industry in Southeastern China, supplying linens from Ireland, basic designs from the United States. Shortly before the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese war in 1937, he had 10,000

embroiderers working under contractors, readying linens for export to him.

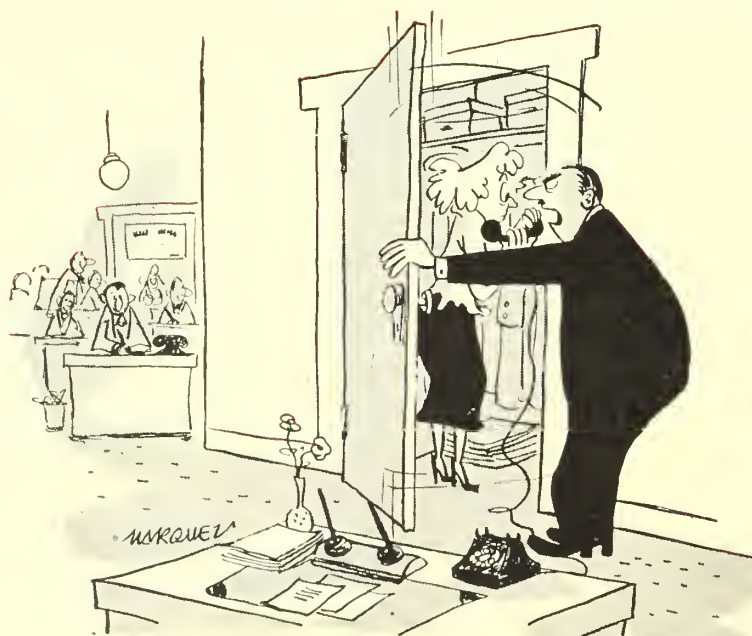
His enlightened business methods have made his firm an outstanding one. Virtually all his employees own stock in the company; most of them have been with him anywhere from 10 to 25 years. In China, too, he built a reputation for scrupulous honesty and generosity dealing over the more than 35 years he traveled and traded there. Few long-time residents of the port cities like Shanghai and Tientsin knew China half as well as Alfred Kohlberg—who never lived in the big cities but traveled thousands of miles every year through the remote, primitive backwoods country that foreigners rarely saw.

Alfred Kohlberg doesn't sound horns and bells and set off firecrackers when he embarks on a project. He just goes quietly and matter-of-factly about the business in hand. When we went to war with Japan he was 55 years of age. Nevertheless, he volunteered his services. He was an old hand at cross country and all-weather flying, for he had piloted his own plane for years. The Army Air Force used him as a pilot in the antisubmarine patrol of the Gulf of Mexico, flying protection for the convoys. Later, when the submarine danger in the Gulf was greatly diminished, he went on an inspection trip to war-time China, as a director and chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China. Although he neither speaks nor understands Chinese, he has never let this handicap his movements there. Frequently, when time was of the essence, and an interpreter could not be found in that wild western area in Szechuan and Yunnan provinces, he struck out anyway, all by himself.

It was on one of these trips that, by pure accident, he turned up the unsavory mess which converted him from a businessman into a crusader against communist influence in American life and particularly American policy in Asia.

"It was in 1943," he recalls. "I was in Chungking and got to talking to some of our Embassy officials there. They told me that Chiang Kai-shek was stockpiling tanks and guns he'd got from us under Lend-Lease, hoarding them for future use against the Chinese Communists. He wasn't using them against the Japanese, they said.

"I got kind of sore at that, and a few weeks later, in Kunming, I repeated these charges to Brigadier General Arms, who was in charge of the infantry training school there, under Stilwell, preparing Chinese forces for the Burma campaign. I asked the General why we



"I thought I told you — NO PERSONAL CALLS!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



had no control over Lend-Lease equipment for China.

"But we do," General Arms said. I insisted that I knew differently and repeated what I'd been told at the Embassy in Chungking. The general just looked at me for a moment, a long hard look, and then he proceeded to give me the low-down facts. Those facts were completely at variance with the information our Embassy officials in Chungking were distributing."

General Arms showed Kohlberg that all the munitions that had come into China had been delivered to *him*. Nothing had gone to the Chinese. Nothing *would* go to the Chinese, General Arms said, not one gun or one round of ammunition, until General Stilwell's forces had been fully supplied.

"This was August—August 1943," said Kohlberg. "Nothing came through from us on Lend-Lease for Chiang's Chinese armies until the autumn of 1944. The Embassy story was just not true. Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist forces couldn't have hoarded any American arms because they hadn't received any."

The question that troubled Kohlberg after this disconcerting experience was one he couldn't answer. Why should American diplomats go out of their way to discredit our Chinese ally? It was such a disturbing question he began to investigate quietly. He found other lies being circulated, a pattern of hostile propaganda; and the lies in the United States matched the ones he'd heard in China. Just for a starter, he began to look into the heavily endowed private research organization, the Institute of Pacific Relations, to which he'd contributed time and money.

"I found the IPR was full of men who peddled the same line as those officials in Chungking," he says. "And I knew our State Department was drawing a lot of its personnel and consultants from the IPR—Owen Lattimore, for instance, and Philip K. Jessup."

So he made an intensive study of the Institute's publications and pronouncements on China for the preceding seven years. He found that nearly all of these ran parallel to the Communist "party line" on China. When he was completely satisfied with his facts, he acted.

He sent out the first of his now famous "open letters" to Edward C. Carter, of the IPR, on Nov. 9, 1944, inclosing a copy of the 88-page study he'd made of the Institute. He called attention to the deadly parallels and asked if Carter didn't think it was time for a housecleaning. He mailed 1,000 copies of the letter and the study to all the Institute trustees and members as well as everyone he knew who was interested in the Far East.

And in so doing he touched off one

of the hottest controversies of our times. That controversy, begun in 1944, is still going on, for the affairs of the IPR figured in the Tydings Committee whitewash after Senator McCarthy fired his broadside; and echoes reverberated in House hearings and in the Whittaker Chambers-Alger Hiss case and in the Hiss perjury trials. And the Internal Security Committee, a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee (known also as the McCarran committee) is finishing a solid year of painstaking investigation into this powerful organization and men connected with it. It is all too tragically clear now that some of those men like Lattimore, Jessup, John Carter Vincent, Frederick



"After 'em, men. They've got Hoppy!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Vanderbilt Field and others exerted an influence on American foreign policy that has been disastrous—and the end is not yet. Small wonder that Senator Pat McCarran said flatly that the Institute of Pacific Relations "was taken over by communist design and made a vehicle for attempted control and conditioning of American thinking and American policy with regard to the Far East."

Once Kohlberg had sensed the outlines of the communist conspiracy he turned with characteristic thoroughness to read and study Marxism, the Communist Manifesto, the constitution of the USSR, proceedings of the Communist International Congress and everything else he could lay his hands on about communism and its methods and objectives. Fortified with knowledge, he carried the war to the enemy and he's in the fight for the duration. He organized the American China Policy Committee in 1946. This is a private, fact-finding group of Americans, all experts on China and all militant anti-communists as a result of experience

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and conviction. He contributed half of the first \$50,000 to set up research for the anti-communist newsletter *Counter-attack* and the magazine *Plain Talk*. *Counterattack* soon was on its own and is still going strong; *Plain Talk*, which Kohlberg supported as publisher, was succeeded by the current, popular fortnightly magazine, *The Freeman*, of which he is treasurer. No vanity publisher, Kohlberg seldom wrote for *Plain Talk* and appears only occasionally in *The Freeman*. However, in 1946, Kohlberg-signed articles began to appear regularly every month in other magazines, and he began also to acquire a reputation as the most prolific open-letter writer in the country. Newspapers soon took notice of his well documented letters and releases, loaded with dynamite, coldly polite, subtly sarcastic and full of bite. He charged Owen Lattimore, for instance, with being a Soviet intelligence agent and invited Lattimore to sue him. He received no response from Lattimore. He repeated the charge in 1950 and again on July 8, 1951, in a speech at Baltimore, Md., Lattimore's home base, he challenged the Johns Hopkins professor—who, incidentally has no single earned academic degree, not even a B.A.—to a court contest. Neither Owen Lattimore nor any other of the many persons Alfred Kohlberg has so challenged has dared to accept.

A striking evidence of the man's accuracy as a prophet occurred in the summer of 1949 when the American-owned and edited newspaper, the Shanghai (China) *Post & Mercury* was shut down by the Reds. The year before, Kohlberg had carried on a correspondence with the American editor of the paper, a man who had lived and worked in China 25 years or more, warning the American business men

there of the folly of trading or doing business with the Chinese communists. The editor answered the letters with humorous comments of his own and published, besides, a sarcastic editorial titled "Dizzy Brother Kohlberg." He had a fine time leading the laughter and jeers in the Shanghai clubs and bars that last carefree summer of 1948.

Just a year later the Reds were in Shanghai and the newspaper's American publisher had to put up \$100,000 in good U. S. currency to induce the Chinese communists to spring his no-longer-laughing editor whom they'd made a prisoner in his own editorial sanctum, and to get him and his wife back home. The Chinese Reds are now running what used to be the Shanghai *Post & Mercury*.

Kohlberg is not discouraged by the fact that he has never received any direct answers to his letters to the President, the Secretary of State and others, including Ambassador Philip K. Jessup, whom the Senate refused to confirm and whom President Truman sent abroad anyway on an interim basis to represent the United States in delicate negotiations with such amenable Soviet characters as Jacob A. Malik. Kohlberg, like Old Man River, just keeps rolling along, writing and circulating his documented charges, paying not the slightest attention to the smears leveled at him.

Recently he agreed to receive an obscure writer from a pinko scandal sheet who wanted to interview him. When the young man arrived in the West 37th Street offices he was received as politely as Alfred Kohlberg receives his closest friends.

"Before you start I just want to tell you I've got a tape recorder hooked up here so that everything we both say will be recorded," Kohlberg said dryly, as he motioned his visitor to a chair.

Later, when the published interview appeared and Kohlberg read it, he found himself reading a completely different set of answers to questions which had never been asked! He was neither greatly surprised nor particularly annoyed. He merely sent out photostats of the distorted article and copies of the actual recording. He believes implicitly in the ability of fair-minded people to judge for themselves when they are given all the facts.

By this time, everybody who has tangled with Alfred Kohlberg is buzz-saw conscious. He plows serenely ahead, unruffled and unmarked, completely secure in his rectitude and uncompromising honesty. Not even the recent astounding behavior of the Internal Revenue Bureau jarred him even momentarily.

Soon after Owen Lattimore first charged that Kohlberg was in the pay of the Chinese National Government and was, besides, the undercover head of a "China Lobby," and the self-styled "liberal" publications and commentators repeated the absurd myths endlessly, the Income Tax boys took official cognizance of the accusations.

They combed his financial affairs and his late wife's for two months. Finally, the examining agents reported that not only were there no hidden lobby fees but, actually, he had *overpaid* his taxes in the amount of \$188 in 1946 and \$108 in 1947. Kohlberg immediately sent a caustic letter to Secretary of the Treasury Snyder commenting acidly on the waste of taxpayers' money as an end product of such an investigation. The Secretary did not reply directly but soon thereafter Kohlberg received a bill for \$32,000 from the Internal Revenue Department for items it had decided, on second thought, to disallow as deductible although it had previously approved them.

The attacks and abuse only strengthened the Kohlberg campaign. He now not only writes letters, pamphlets and articles; he makes tremendously effective speeches. No platform is too small for his best efforts, and no audience is too large for the thunder of his wrath against the individuals and forces he believes are trying to deliver the United States over to its enemies. He has broadened his campaign against communism in every conceivable way, and while he has already contributed thousands of dollars to the fight, he keeps his checkbook handy to finance new sorties and forays. He would not be the honest man he is if he denied that he likes the fighting career that is now almost his whole life. It provides a perfect outlet for his energy, his specialized knowledge and, above all, for his old-fashioned American patriotism.

THE END



"Over your dead body could be arranged too!"



# Their Ingenuity Saved Korea

(Continued from page 19)

become accustomed to the close tolerances and high precision work demanded by a system built on the idea of interchangeability of parts. But they learned, and are meeting these requirements, just as they willingly changed their ancient custom of sitting cross-legged on the floor while working and adopted the familiar American work bench.

The combination of U. S. high-speed production techniques and low-cost Japanese labor is the key to the important economies effected by the rebuild program.

It seems unbelievable, but the Tokyo Ordnance Depot rebuilds a medium tank for less than \$700. The price tag on a new Patton Tank in the United States is about \$240,000.

The care and rapidity with which a tank is repaired is symbolic of all rebuild depot operations. When a damaged tank arrives it is immediately torn down completely. After identification and segregation, the parts are sent to appropriate rebuild shops.

In the Machine Shop, metal parts are chemically, mechanically, or hand cleaned. Next they are buffed, ground, built up by metallizing and then re-ground to proper size. Coating with oil or painting comes before they are placed in their proper storage bins.

Canvas and leather articles are reconditioned in special shops. At the same time, new parts are manufactured in the foundry, fire control instruments repaired, and guns renovated in their shops.

Putting a tank together is the same as in Stateside arsenals. As the tank hull moves along the assembly line, necessary parts are taken from the storage bins and added until a "new" tank, complete with armament, communications equipment, and an extra set of spare parts, rolls off the line. Finally, a "Rebuild" nameplate is attached—indicating that another tank is ready to fight again in Korea.

Other "products" turned out by Ordnance depots include the famous Jeep. In the United States this all-purpose vehicle costs as much as an average passenger car. It is rebuilt in Japan for about the same price we paid for a small car before World War II. A new howitzer is turned over to the Army in the States for \$165,000. The repair bill in Tokyo won't run over \$400. An \$18,000 tractor is rebuilt for approximately \$500, and a \$48,000 crane costs \$4,500 to repair.

Our defense bill has been cut many millions during the past two years by the Ordnance Depot rebuild operations alone. Savings effected by other arsenals

and depots are just as great in proportion to the dollar volume of material handled.

For example, the Sagami Engineer Depot repaired nearly 10,000 items of heavy engineer equipment at a saving of \$34,000,000 to the American taxpayer, during a 12-month period beginning July 1, 1950. More important, thousands of cranes, generators, fire extinguishers, refrigeration units, tractors, trailers, pumps, road graders, rock crushers, and portable bridges were rebuilt and sent to Korea at the time they were needed.

Signal Corps rebuild programs have also produced substantial savings. More than 10,500 tons of critical equipment, ranging in size from giant transmitters to miniature tubes, and valued today at more than \$80,000,000, have been rebuilt and returned to combat service.

The Japan Chemical Depot is saving the government nearly \$3,000,000 a year through the reconditioning of gas masks alone. A new mask in the States now costs around \$18.25; it can be salvaged for only \$1.03. Additional millions are saved through the repair of flame-throwers, smoke generators and other chemical equipment.

Transportation equipment, such as locomotives, rebuilt by the Transportation Corps Depot in Japan, is valued at more than \$9,000,000. Since this estimate is based on 1949 cost figures, the savings, considering general price rises in the past two years, are even more impressive.

Operations at this depot also re-emphasize that the real value of the rebuild program has been in the priceless amount of time saved rather than in dollar economies. Locomotives and cars which would have taken at least six months to construct and ship from the States are built in Japan in two months.

All rebuild depots in Japan have often had to measure production time in terms of hours and days... not months and years.

On July 4, 1950, the Ordnance Depot received an urgent call from Korea for medium tanks of any kind. Our combat troops were fiercely resisting the enemy advance but their few light tanks were no match for the Russian T-34's. Three weeks after their S.O.S. had been sent to Japan, 17 M4 medium tanks were on their way to the front. In another week 27 more tanks were on the line slugging it out and beating the enemy's best.

Ten of these rebuilt tanks were damaged in these engagements, sent back to the Tokyo Ordnance Depot, rebuilt completely a second time, and reshipped to the combat theater.

"Priority" or "rush" orders always

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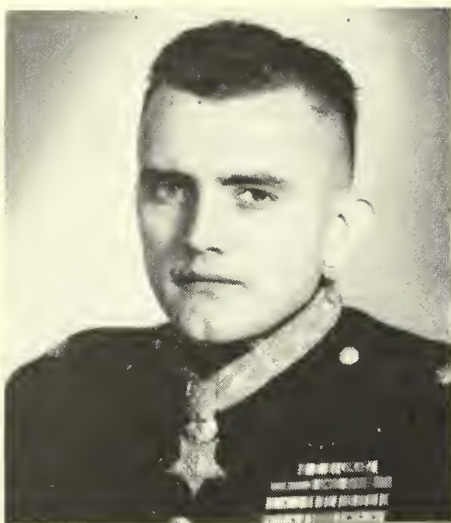


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Hagan-ri to the sea; it had to be in our hands.

Up its 45-degree face, Major Sitter led his handful of freezing, weary men—a company against a regiment! The hill blazed with enemy fire. Grenade fragments wounded the major's face, chest, and arms. But he continued leading the attack, exposing himself constantly to death, inspiring his men by his personal courage. After 36 furious hours the hill was won, the route to the sea secured. Major Sitter says:

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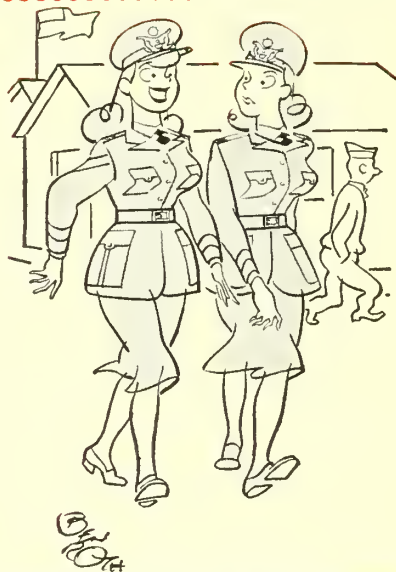
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receive special handling. But the "priority" order Ordnance Depot received to fabricate and manufacture deep-water fording kits for the Inchon landing in September, 1950, took precedence over everything.

The original order called for the design and manufacture of 100 kits for the M4A3 tank. Before the order was half filled, a call came for 150 additional kits for the M26 tank, to be delivered in 10 days. An attempt to get the job done on local contract failed. When Ordnance realized the contractor couldn't complete the job on time, all material was pulled back to the depot. Shops worked 'round the clock, and the



"Was he burned up! Instead of kissing him goodnight, I saluted him!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

kits were completed and delivered in time for the Inchon landing.

Emergency requests are also common for other Army depots in Japan. On one occasion a request for airlift of 100 small dry batteries was received at the Signal Corps Depot at 9:00 a.m. Stocks at the depot were temporarily exhausted. A procurement contract with a local manufacturer was initiated within an hour. Delivery was made by late afternoon, and the batteries shipped by air courier to Korea the same day.

This example is doubly significant because it demonstrates first that priority orders are being filled, and secondly that many of them could not be handled without the cooperation and successful operations of Japanese manufacturers. The Asaki Denki Company, which formerly manufactured Japanese naval equipment, typifies this necessary close relationship. Nearly 25,000 Signal Corps radio sets and 20,000 telephone lines have been repaired by this company at less than 10 percent of the acquisition cost.

Quartermaster Corps operations seem less spectacular only because a repaired

tent or pair of pants is not as glamorous or imposing as a rebuilt tank. Nonetheless, Quartermaster maintenance shops reclaimed and repaired nearly 11½ million separate items ranging from shoes to pot-bellied fuel oil stoves at a saving of almost 80 million dollars during the 12-month period ending June 30, 1951.

Rebuilt equipment is not always repaired according to the books. The manual says that a \$7,000 X-ray unit must be operated in a certain manner and that specified types and sizes of parts should be used for repairs. Medical Depot personnel "re-wrote the manual" to fit conditions that existed in Japan. The 200 milliamperage X-ray unit which they rebuilt consists of a Kelly-Koett X-ray table from Guam, a General Electric tube stand salvaged from Korea, a Westinghouse synchronous timer obtained from the Tokyo Army Hospital, a Picker control assembly flown in from Clark Field on Luzon, Philippine Islands, a Standard X-Ray Company transformer recovered from Okinawa, a Machlett Laboratories tube and a Liebel-Flarsheim bucky diaphragm from their own depot spare parts stock.

This "cannibalization" operation has been accomplished with the same degree of success by all service depots. Admittedly, some of the "field expedients" adopted by rebuild depots are more than a little unorthodox. But the results bear no resemblance to a Rube Goldberg contraption.

In fact, some of the modifications introduced by rebuild personnel are major improvements over the original weapon or piece of equipment.

Terrain in Korea presented a tough problem. Self-propelled 105mm howitzers had a maximum elevation of 33½ degrees—not enough of an angle to clear some of the steep mountains. Rebuild personnel modified the mount and doubled the howitzer's elevation.

Half tracks were converted to double duty by replacing the 37mm gun with a 40mm gun which could be used equally well as an anti-aircraft weapon or for ground support of infantry.

"Draggin' Wagons" (tank-hauling trailers) were snapping torsion bars in their suspension systems. Although Ordnance experts in the States had been unable to solve this problem, Tokyo Ordnance Depot hit on the idea of drilling a hole through the length of bar, giving it enough elasticity to withstand the hard bumps.

Flame throwers have been reconditioned, and at the same time, have been made more deadly for the enemy and safer for the operator. New threaded plugs on the top of the napalm containers can be opened easily by hand to permit swift refilling, and a change in the position of the safety valve will



cause the combustible fluid to be released downward and away from the operator in the event the thrower is over-pressurized.

Increased quantities of life-saving whole blood can be stored in refrigeration units at field hospitals close to the front lines thanks to bottle racks built in the refrigerators by the Engineers. This "field expedient" also permits far more rapid and rugged transportation of these supplies than was previously possible.

Even in the 20th Century, the Ordnance, Engineer, Chemical, Signal, Medical, Transportation and Quartermaster rebuild operations are a mechanical miracle. Heart of this industrial phenomenon is the Japan Logistical Command . . . combat successor to the Eighth Army occupation supply forces. JLC was activated on August 25, 1950, exactly two months after the communists crossed the 38th parallel. Its main mission has been to furnish United Nations troops with the necessary guns, ammunition, and equipment . . . at the right time, in the right place, and in the right amount.

Has this mission been accomplished? The record speaks for itself. More than 100,000 tons of ammunition, 90,000 M-1 rifles, 50,000 jeeps and trucks, thousands of artillery pieces, and hundreds of tanks, cranes, bull-dozers and other vehicles were shipped to Korea during the first three months of battle. As many as 216 vehicles were rebuilt in a single day and delivered to combat units when replacements were available from no other source. Over 65 percent of all transportation hauling ammunition, food, mail, and clothing to the fighting fronts has been processed through JLC rebuild plants. More than 85 percent of the small arms picked up from the battlefield are returned to the hands of the fighting men.

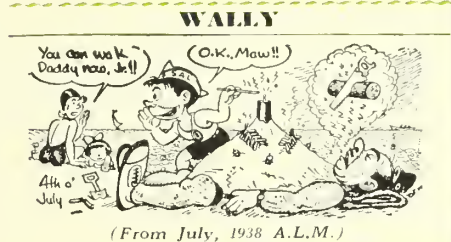
This latter figure is the tip-off on a new phase of rebuild operations. The vast stocks of weapons and equipment recovered from World War II battlefields are nearly gone. "Raw materials" furnished rebuild depots in Japan in the future must come from Korea.

For that reason, the Japan Logistical Command, with the enthusiastic and necessary support of General Van Fleet and his Eighth Army troops, is, as one officer said, "salvaging everything from the battlefield but the noise."

The battlefield littered with torn and twisted tools of war is a thing of the past. After a battle several knocked-out hulks of tanks and trucks may be left smoldering. But the next day some will be gone, and more will disappear the following day. Recovery crews are as quick as vultures in picking up everything that is salvageable or of scrap value. The material is being used over

and over. "Make it do" is right! To drive home to combat troops the importance of protecting equipment, the Army has borrowed a page from advertising textbooks and is selling its material-saving program with slogans. "PM-MFP . . . Preventive Maintenance Means Finer Performance," slogan of the maintenance crews, may be found on roadside signs, stuck on windshields, or echoed by the troops.

Korea's highways have also been Americanized with Burma-Shave type signs reminding troops that: "The Roads Are Long...The Mountains High



(From July, 1938 A.L.M.)

. . . That's the Reason . . . To Watch Supply — Salvage It," or warning "In A Blackout . . . Dim Your Light . . . Bed-check Charlie's . . . Flying Tonight — Protect Your Equipment."

Weapons and transportation equipment aren't the only items salvaged. This program also works on the theory that "it's the little things that count." In Korea the "little things" include used machine gun and rifle cartridges and mortar and artillery shell cases, which are sent back to Japan, reshaped, re-armed, and reshipped to the battle-front. Material that can't be repaired is still collected because of the vital need for scrap metal. Battlefield debris and other non-repairable weapons and equipment saved by the Army consisted nearly half of the 500,000 tons of ferrous scrap being collected by the Armed Forces.

It's difficult for us to measure the dollar value or military importance of a program overshadowed by combat operations in Korea and defense production problems here at home.

But the contributions of the rebuild program have been determined.

Secretary of the Army Frank Pace has testified before the U. S. Senate that "activities under this program in the Far East Command have actually returned about \$1.3 billion dollars worth of equipment to the supply line at a cost of less than 260 million dollars" — (a ratio of \$1 spent for every \$5 saved).

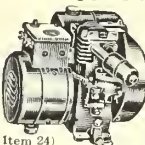
This saving is important to all of us. It is insignificant, however, compared to the military value of the rebuild program.

How vital is this program? "We couldn't have stayed in Korea without it," said General Matthew Ridgway.

THE END

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# Parting Shots



## BACHELOR OF LETTERS

*To rearrange our alphabet  
Is what I've sworn to do,  
So that, my lovely little pet,  
"I" shall be nearer "U"!*

— AVERY GILES

## STOP THE CLOCK

The clever boxer had finally met his match and was being counted out on the canvas.

"One, two, three," roared the referee, "four, five" . . .

The boxer reached up, grabbed the referee's wrist and said, "I'm a little hard of hearing. Would you mind repeating that?"

— HENRY A. COURTNEY

## BARGAIN

*It's cheap, well made, and guaranteed;  
It's also something I don't need.*

— NED WADLINGER

## POOR ADVICE

During the course of a United States Army training problem in Germany, a bridge was being constructed across the Main River. The project consumed considerable time and effort and a large number of the German populace from the surrounding countryside had gathered to watch the operations. Among them was an exceedingly interested elderly German who followed close at the heels of the officer in charge. With a disapproving look in his eye, the German poured forth a running flow of comment.

"That is not the way we in the Deutsche Army built bridges. *Nein*, that is for sure not right. *Das ist nicht richtig*."

The soldiers continued silently with their work, ignoring the man.

"You are making it wrong. Through two wars I helped build bridges and we did it not this way."

At that, the American officer could take no more. Suddenly he retorted, "Yeah, and how many wars did you win?"

— ELIZABETH DORSCHNER

## COUCH GROUCH

*When I first get up from an afternoon nap  
(I trust of this type you are not one),  
I am mean enough tempered to kick my  
grandpap!  
(He's lucky that I haven't got one!)*

— S. OMAR BARKER

## VARIETY

*Some guests who have had too much to  
drink are noisy when they leave; others  
pass out quietly.*

— RICHARD ARMOUR

## PLAIN AND SIMPLE

Residing in a little village was a lawyer who was famous for drawing up wills, in which he had long enjoyed a monopoly of the country for miles around. When a wealthy man died, there was much speculation as to the value of the property, and the town gossip set about to find out. He hunted up the lawyer and after a few preliminary remarks about the deceased, said rather bluntly:



"And I say I was sitting here!"

"I understand you made his will. Would you mind telling me how much he left?"

"Not at all," answered the attorney, resuming his writing, "he left everything he had."

— MORRIS PAST

## AND LIKE IT

*Woman and man, since time began,  
Have misunderstood one another.  
But ain't it grand that we understand  
How—notwithstanding—to stand each  
other!*

— BERTON BRALEY

## DEVOTION

The driver had had a fatal accident. The insurance agent was making a settlement with the bereaved widow, and as he handed her a check for \$25,000 double indemnity on his life insurance, the woman sobbingly said,

"I'd give \$15,000 of this to have him back again!"

— DOROTHY SWITZER

## A MARRIED MAN MOANS

*My wife is divine  
Our marriage is fine.  
Yet, sometimes I have to get sore;  
When she hands me a list  
(Of things that she missed)  
For me to pick up at the store.*

— HERB GOCHROS

## AS TIME GOES BY

Old Ephraim had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking proudly up the street. "Aren't you working today?" asked an acquaintance.

"No, suh! I'm celebratin' my golden weddin'."

"Well, that's fine. But why isn't your wife helping you celebrate?"

"The wife I got now," replied Ephraim with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's the fo'th."

— R. E. MARTIN

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

*Proposing? A suggestion:  
Can she cook, sew, and mop?  
Before you pop the question,  
Better question the pop!*

— GLENN R. BERNHARDT

## MODERN VERSION

A Southerner in an Army outfit brought up the Civil War.

"We sure gave you Yankees a good going over at Bull Run," he told some northern buddies.

"What do you mean 'We'?" somebody from Massachusetts asked. "You're in the U. S. Army now, boy!"

"Yep, that's so," mused the Southerner. "Well, then, those rebels sure gave us a pasting at Bull Run, didn't they?"

— HAROLD HELFER

## PRECIOUS ITEMS

*A bachelor is a man who enjoys life,  
liberty and the happiness of pursuit.*

— DON TANNER



# NEWEST car under the sun!



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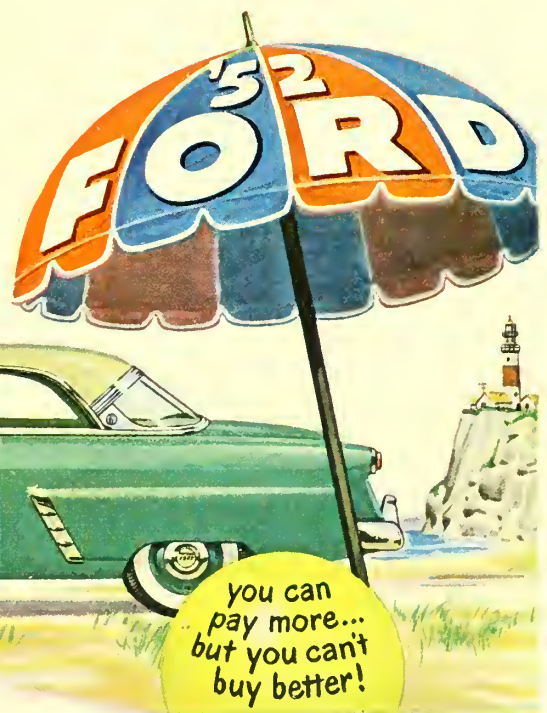
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